



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



AN INTERNATIONAL POLO-PLAYER ON SKIS: LORD WODEHOUSE; WITH MRS. J. MONTAGU.

Lord Wodehouse, the famous International polo-player, and only surviving son of the second Earl of Kimberley, is among those who are disporting themselves at St. Moritz. He is a ski enthusiast, and

is shown in our photograph with Mrs. J. Montagu, formerly Miss Margaret Irby. Her first marriage, in 1905, was to Sir Morgan Crofton. She obtained a divorce from Mr. Montagu, her second husband.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The New 'Flu. If you think that 1922 'flu is like any other sort of 'flu, friend the reader, you are utterly mistaken. It is not. I speak as an expert. At the moment of writing, I've got it. I am in bed with it. I have been in bed with it this makes the third day. For three days I have not eaten, smoked, or tasted anything stronger than tea or soup. How many more days the preposterous nonsense is going on, I know not. My doctor tells me I must not leave my bed until my temperature has been normal for twenty-four hours. It starts at about a hundred in the morning, first thing, and soars gaily to one hundred and three or thereabouts in the evening. I don't know why. I don't read the papers. How *can* a temperature stay up? The germ that got me must have been a particularly virulent fellow. I wish I had him under my boot for about three seconds.

Well, I was going to tell you, until I wandered off into a by-path, as invalids may, how this new 'flu begins. You are feeling perfectly well—never better. Your appetite is splendid. You enjoy your pipe. The world is yours—or as much as you care to have of it.

Then a strange thing happens. You cross the room, let us say, and suddenly discover that you have left your head behind you in mid-air. Disconcerting. But don't go back for it. Wait a little and it will come to you.

A Slight Argument.

Having made sure that you are unobserved, put up your hands and feel for your head. Yes, there it is, sitting in its

usual place on your shoulders. You move on, and again you leave it behind.

By this time you begin to wonder if you are quite as well as you were. There's a lot of 'flu about: can this be it? You seek out the person who is in the habit of looking after you—to whom most of your joys and woes are communicated. And you say:

"I say! I think I must have 'flu!"

"Oh, nonsense!" is the inevitable answer.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, my head feels so queer."

"Liver, probably. When did you first notice it?"

"About five minutes ago. I was perfectly all right up to then."

"If it were 'flu you'd have had some previous warning. And the best way to get 'flu is to keep on thinking about it, and talking about it, and expecting to have it."

"Still, I think I'll go to bed. I feel rather rotten."

"Righto! You'll be as fit as a fiddle in the morning."

So you go to bed. And you switch off your light. And you lay your head on the pillow. And then the fun begins. Which deserves a nice little space and a fresh start.

"Break-Bone Fever."

My doctor told me this morning they call it "Break-Bone Fever." With the very latest form of 'flu you have it at least two nights. It simply means that you cannot lie in any one position for more than three minutes. Effort of will is quite useless. I tried effort of will. I said to myself,

"Don't be an idiot. (Nearly all my conversations with myself start like that.) Make up your mind that you will *not* turn, and in five minutes you will be asleep."

So I was, but the sixth minute I was awake again. I turned over. I turned my pillow. I smoothed out the bed-clothes. Then I tried once more. Ah! This is luxury! This is delightful! Now I'm off. . . . Over we go!

That gives you a slight impression, as they say on the halls, whatever the halls may be, of "Break-Bone Fever." And it goes on all night. You never *do* rest. You never do find the correct position. You turn, and turn, and turn. In all, I suppose, you turn some five hundred to a thousand times in the course of the night. And your waking moments are punctuated by idiotic dreams.

My dreams all took the same shape. I had, when I went under, a number of appointments to keep in town. In my dreams I kept those appointments, only to find that they were quite unnecessary. The business had settled itself, quite nicely, before I arrived. One felt unspeakably silly.

The Final Symptom.

There is still one more symptom of the new 'flu. It is a foolish cough which means

nothing. It is the sort of cough a motor-engine gives when the petrol is running out. A deprecating cough. An apologetic cough. But you keep on doing it. You can't help doing it. . . . I have just done it. . . .

Very marvellous, you know, that one should be able to write all this after having



TO MARRY MAJOR P. V. G. VAN DER BYL, ON JAN. 21: MRS. ASTLEY-JONES.

The marriage of Major P. V. G. Van der Byl, M.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (second son of Mr. P. V. Van der Byl, of Fairfield, Caledon, South Africa) and Mrs. Joy Astley-Jones, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming, Metropolitan Magistrate, is fixed to take place in London on Jan. 21.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

had no food or drink for three days, and practically no sleep. I suppose my temperature is leaping up splendidly. My doctor has no idea that I am at work. He said I might dictate a little, and I nodded my thanks. I did not tell him that the one piece of work I never could dictate was this particular page.

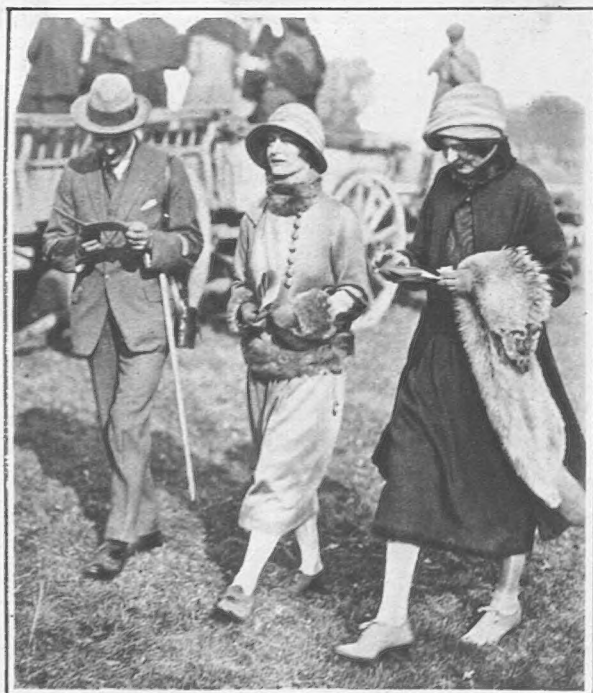
So I am writing it on the typewriter. Have you ever tried to type in bed, friend the reader? It is not easy, but it can be done. You must do it sideways, so to speak. You must have a table at the side of the bed, and place the machine on the table, and prop yourself up with pillows until you are hanging, as it were, in mid-air.

I can't explain it better than that at the moment. The result, anyway, is not brilliant. There will be much work with the pen, by-and-by. But never mind. We shall have triumphed over "Break-Bone Fever," and he is no mean adversary.

Cheer up, old friend. I don't think you'll get it. And there will be quite a different sort of 'flu in '23.

LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED BY A GENTLEMAN DOWN WITH 'FLU.

- (1) The ruckless sheet.
- (2) The stoneless grape.
- (3) The ever-hot hot-water bottle.
- (4) The moving wall-paper.
- (5) The adhesive eiderdown.
- (6) The exhilarating newspaper.
- (7) The swift day.
- (8) The swifter night.
- (9) The faithful palate.



LORD RADNOR'S SON AND HIS FIANCÉE: LORD FOLKESTONE WITH MISS ADEANE; AND ONE OF LORD NORMANTON'S DAUGHTERS.

Viscount Folkestone is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Radnor. His engagement to Miss Helena Adeane, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeane, of Brabham, Cambridge, has been announced. Miss Adeane is shown on the right of our photograph. The lady in the centre is one of the seven daughters of the Earl of Normanton.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

Weddings, Dancing, and Winter-Sporting.



CAPTAIN W. M. GOODMAN, M.C., AND
HIS BRIDE, MISS VAN NOORDEN.



ENJOYING A MORNING'S SKI-ING AT MÜRREN:
CAPTAIN GORDON AND MISS JEAN RITSON.



LORD GORELL, C.B.E., M.C., AND HIS
BRIDE, MISS ELIZABETH RADCLIFFE.



HELD FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1913: EARL FITZWILLIAM'S (THE GROVE) HUNT BALL.

The marriage of Miss Van Noorden, the only daughter of Mr. Alfred Van Noorden, Managing Director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, to Captain W. M. Goodman, M.C., was celebrated at the Synagogue, St. John's Wood.—Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C., third Baron, the Under-Secretary for Air, and Vice-President of the Air Council, was married to Miss Elizabeth Radcliffe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. N. Radcliffe, at St. Mary Abbot's. The bridesmaids, who wore cream lace dresses with

gold sashes, were Miss Ruth Radcliffe, the Hon. Aura Gorell Barnes, and Miss Diana Hartley; and Miss Pamela Morse and Miss Mary Jameson carried the train.—Earl Fitzwilliam's (The Grove) Hunt Ball was held at Retford Town Hall, and was attended by over 300 guests, who included Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, with Lady Donatia Fitzwilliam, Earl and Countess Manners, Lord Francis Bentinck, Lady Sibell Pierrepont, and many others.—[Photographs by S. and G., T.P.A., and Illustrations.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

THE most amusing party this week will probably be the dance Lady Harcourt is giving on the 20th, at 69, Brook Street. In a discreet corner of the invitation card appear the magic words, "Ages 13-18," which will certainly exclude all the bores!

All of which sounds very downright and cynical, and I am neither one nor the other. I love bits of the modern girl (though I detest other bits of her). Like the curate's egg, she is good in parts. But, alas! the rotten portions have an unfortunate power of preventing your desire to explore further.

Miss Harcourt. So the daughter of the illustrious house of Harcourt should realise her responsibilities.

Modes and manners on two continents might be swayed by her. Not that it is necessary to be a blue-stocking. But a grand-daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Sir William Harcourt, a niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, who is also the descendant of the Burns family of New York, a girl whose parents are political powers in the Liberal Party, with an historical place in Oxfordshire and a house in Brook Street—such a girl, who happens, in addition, to have a brain and personality, might move even the modern Miss of social London to make of life something more than a jazz jubilee.

A Letter from Brussels.

I hear that the British Ambassador to Belgium, Sir George Grahame, in spite of being a bachelor (or is it because of it?) is making himself most popular by his frequent entertaining, not only of the Court society, but of the Corps Diplomatique and the British colony in Brussels.

Every Saturday he has *chic* little parties. His guests last week were hearty in their congratulations on the New Year honour bestowed on him—the G.C.B. Though I understand that there is a considerable amount of jealousy in our diplomatic service on account of it, it was inevitable that our first Ambassador to the King of the Belgians, our gallant and Royal ally, should be decorated according to the importance of his post.

On the 16th, the King and Queen of the Belgians gave the only Court ball of the year at their Royal palace in Brussels—a wonderful ball, where the full dress of the courtiers and of the diplomatic corps, and the splendour of the officers' uniforms made a brilliant background to the *chic* Parisian toilets of the ladies.

Now Brussels is looking forward to another ball on the 28th, to be given by the Baron and Baroness Peers at their beautiful house in the Rue Marie de Bourgogne. It is for the "coming out" of their daughter, a lovely young girl who made many friends in London during the war, when she was a "refugee," with her mother. Baron Peers' place in Belgium was directly in the path of the German invaders, and the feelings of the loyal parents can be imagined when German officers insisted that Mlle. Peers, a wonderful linguist, should herself act as interpreter to a German army staff for several weeks.

It was with the utmost difficulty that the family finally escaped through the German lines, and the Baroness and her daughter reached England only after a terrifying time at sea, when they were caught in a storm on board a tiny fishing vessel.

The normal social life of Brussels will seem tame by comparison, and the young debutante should have much to talk about—in her several languages!

I Prefer England. Though most of the villas are already opened, the Riviera season proper won't start till the hotels

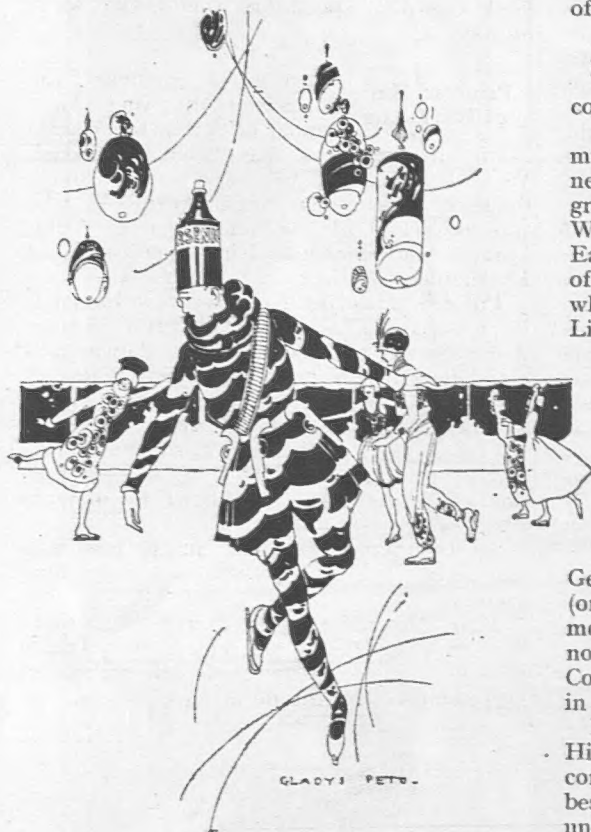
are uncomfortably overcrowded, I suppose, at Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Beaulieu.

Personally, I prefer England till early February. One must go to several hunt balls.

The Beaufort Hunt Ball.

And in spite of the gay news from the Riviera and Switzerland, there really is a good deal to console those of us who stay in England. It's not a case of "sour grapes"!

The Beaufort Hunt Ball, for instance, was a brilliant affair. Nearly everyone "who matters" seemed to be there—I haven't seen such a crowd of "well knowns" for a long time. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort came with their two daughters, Lady Diana Somerset and Lady St. Germans, and their son, Lord Worcester, and son-in-law, Lord St. Germans. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, formerly Miss Sonia Keppel, was looking her lovely best; Lord and Lady King's two



1. Everyone has achieved the most wonderful costumes for the skating carnival—Algy, as "The Crime Wave," is an enormous success.

Incidentally, it would exclude a good many of the rest of us, were it not for the excuse of chaperoning small sons and daughters, or nephews and nieces.

Lady Harcourt's little daughter, Barbara, and her brother, Billy, will be the real hosts of the evening; though grown-up Miss Olivia will also be there.

She is, of course, an undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and returns there, I think, early next week. It is refreshing, though astonishing, in these frivolous days, to hear of an attractive girl who is also a high-brow.

Modern Girls. The only ambition of most modern girls is to play an average game of lawn-tennis, enough golf to give the excuse of a whole day in the open (with a nice young man!), and to excel at dancing any fantastic fandango from the cotton-fields of Alabama, or the *puestos* of Argentina, or the comparatively civilised music-halls of Spain. Not that modern girls are not extremely intelligent. Indeed, their self-possession and worldly wisdom would probably nonplus a learned Don. I am sure the young ladies of Somerville College or Lady Margaret Hall know what I mean. The young ladies of St. Hugh's Hall and of St. Hilda's Hall, who are themselves capable of winning the Newdigate prize for English verse, or the Arnold historical essay prize, would be tongue-tied in the presence of certain young London girls of to-day—girls who have been brought up mostly on the newspapers by finishing governesses, who themselves "finished" nowhere (unless it was at the films).



2. Angela's costume represents the Income Tax at 6s. in the £1. She is the 6s.; and the garment is the £1; and she does hope it will bring home to the Exchequer that the £1 does not go very far—and is, indeed, quite inadequate.

daughters were also much admired. They dance quite beautifully.

A Fancy Dress Dance.

The fancy dress party given by Mr. Percy Noble, at The Priory, Taplow, was a very delightful gathering, too. He was honoured by the presence of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who wore an attractive Spanish costume, while Lord Athlone appeared in

a Court dress of the eighteenth century. Lady Maitland was a Stuart lady, in silver brocade, and the Grenfell contingent came over in full force from Taplow Court, for Mr. Ivo Grenfell, Miss Monica and Miss Imogen Grenfell were there with Lord and Lady Desborough. Sir Maurice de Bunsen brought his daughter Rosalind, who was one of the prettiest girls in the room.

The Politicians at Play.

Yet I do wish I had been at Cannes to see Mr. Lloyd George teaching M. Briand golf! The beautiful Mandelieu links were mostly given over to Grand Dukes last year. Last week the very trees must have

the Comte de Bonneval, Captain Sandys, Baron Meyronnet de Saint-Marc, Captain Hardie, Mr. and Mrs. Wombwell, and, of course, Lord Charles Hope, are usually to be found there.

At Claridge's.

The *thé dansant* at Claridge's Hotel the other day was very well organised, and the poor children of the parish of St. Luke's, Victoria Docks, profited considerably by the fun of more fortunate Mayfair children.

Lady Helena Gibbs was a leading spirit who brought many grown-ups as well as children. Lady Dartmouth was another who deserves much congratulation; Lady Buchanan Jardine and Lady Hunter were also hostesses to numerous guests; and amongst ladies from the diplomatic world I noticed Señora de Rich, the English wife of the Spanish Military Attaché in London.

Colonel Rich.

Colonel Rich is descended from the family who once were Earls of Warwick, and owned Warwick Castle—for a generation—just before the Greville family were awarded it during one of its many periods of epic and picturesque warfare. The Riches fled to Spain—I suppose, to keep their heads during the revolution—and have remained Spanish ever since, though their crest is still the famous "Bear and Ragged Staff," the proud badge of all the descendants of the early Earls of Warwick, whether Dudleys or Riches or Grevilles.

It would be interesting to discover to how many countries they had drifted—those legions from Warwick Castle. Certainly one, Sir Thomas Dudley, who was Governor of Massachusetts during the historical

Boston tea-party, used the badge freely. And his branch of Dudleys have remained American. While a Sir Robert Dudley, who eloped with a beautiful girl (disguised as his page) to Italy, became the Italian Duca di Northumbria, and founder of a noble family at Livorno. His deserted wife was created an English Duchess in her own right by Charles I., and consoled herself in an English convent. . . . No wonder Colonel Rich is proud of his claim to use "the Bear and the Ragged Staff," which still floats over the summer camps of the Warwickshire Yeomanry, as well as over Warwick Castle (when it isn't let!), and over the homes of important families in Italy, Spain, and America.

In England, Lord Warwick, his brother, Sir Sidney Greville, Lord De Lisle and Dudley, Lord Greville, and Major Ambrose Dudley have the picturesque right to use it.

Talking of historic possessions, Lord and Lady Rocksavage live during the summer and autumn at beautiful Houghton—one of the greatest gems of early eighteenth century architecture in the country. But Lord and Lady Rocksavage are also the happy possessors of a delightful villa at Cannes, where they spend most of the winter and spring. Which reminds me that I hear Lord Rocksavage has come on more than ever in his favourite game, lawn-tennis, and has recently beaten Captain Hilliard in a most exciting singles at Cannes, where Lady Rocksavage is also playing a great deal, and improving rapidly.

The New Lord Falkland.

The new Lord Falkland, whom I first saw in the wilds of East Africa, has had a most interesting life as a soldier in the Grenadier Guards, in the Prison Service,

and as a writer of short stories and letters to the newspapers. His wife had a most successful hat-shop for several years, and they have a delightful family of boys and girls, who promise to inherit the Carey looks as well as their versatility.

The last time I saw the new Lord Falkland he was on guard over the giant Zeppelin that had just been brought down at Cuffley. His young face, snow-white hair, and ready wit were not the least interesting attractions that kept crowded spectators round the scene all day.

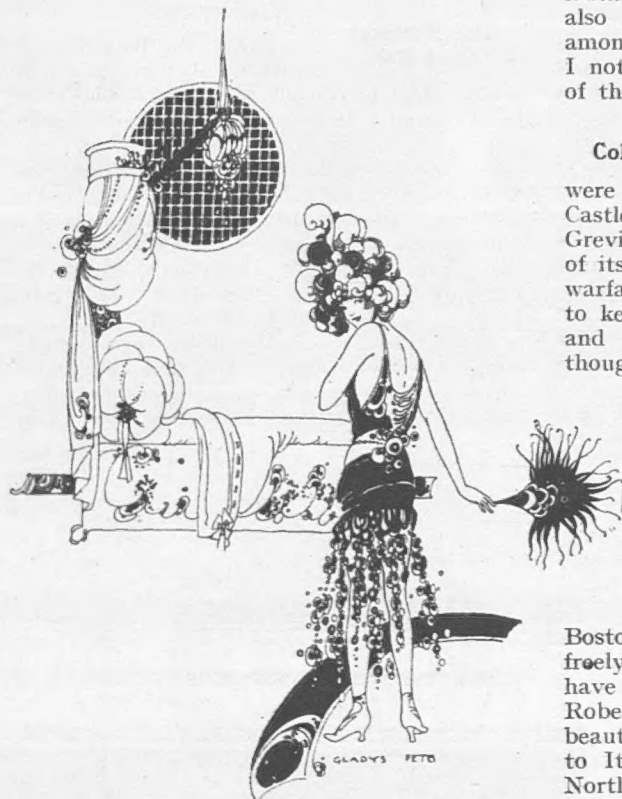
Princess Marie of Roumania.

Just as we predicted, the betrothal of King Alexander of Serbia to Princess Marie of Roumania has been announced. We all remember her well—the lovely daughter of our own English Princess (who was the child of the late Duke of Edinburgh) who married King Ferdinand of Roumania.

Princess Marie, during her visits to England, impressed us all with her delightful vivacity and charm of manner. No dance was complete without her. Her Royal fiancé is no less popular, having won the hearts of the Serbians by his sharing of all the sufferings of the Serbian army during the retreat through Albania, in spite of a serious operation he was obliged to undergo just before.

As Commander-in-Chief, he it was who ultimately led the Serbian army to final victory.

King Alexander is, of course, the second son of King Peter, the eldest son, Prince George, having renounced all rights of succession to the throne in 1909.



3. Kitten's costume has no allegorical significance. It is merely called "The Grindy Rouser." In the privacy of her bed-room it appears to her delightful.

stooped to listen when Signor Bonomi, the Italian Premier, missed his putt. Even Italian swear-words are like rippling waterfalls. M. Briand's eloquence was second only to his determination as he "addressed" his ball, much as he had earlier addressed the assembled Premiers of Europe—with the same polite deference, I mean—though for France's sake, I hope, with considerably less success.

And most of all I like the story of poor Mr. Churchill being refused admittance at the Villa Valetta. The conscientious guard at the gate was "up to those tricks," he said. He had already turned away a dozen or more journalists, each of whom insisted that he was a Cabinet Minister. Cabinet Minister! *Parbleu . . . allez-vous-en!* And there was nothing for it. The indomitable Winston returned to his hotel, whence he tried to telephone to the Premier, only to be told by an equally conscientious voice that "Mr. Lloyd George's orders were that he would speak to no one."

Lord French is at the Villa Edelweiss, the beautiful little villa almost on the top of the Californie Hill, that Lord and Lady Wavertree have taken again this year. It used to belong to Lord Savile, and King Edward was enchanted with the view from the drawing-room window—quite the most beautiful in Cannes, I think.

The golf club is, so far, more popular than the tennis club. H.S.H. the Grand Duke Cyril is often there; and General Sir Arthur Paget, Colonel Rowley, Lord Wester-Wemyss,

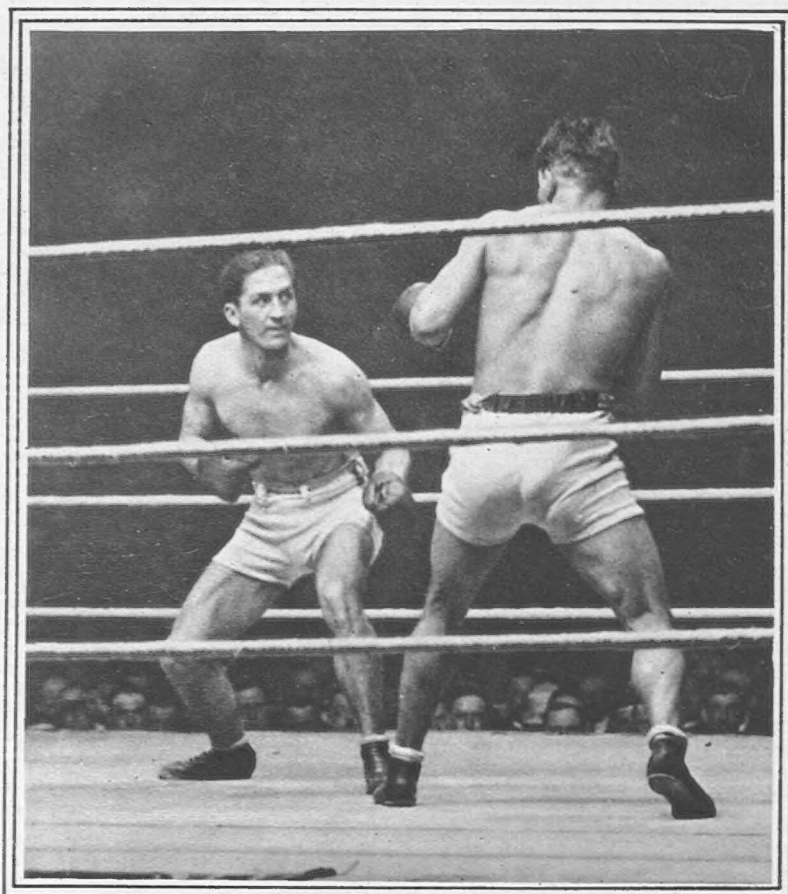


4. But, alas! the lovely costumes of Kitten and Angela were not seen at the carnival. Hearing Aunt Babsie intended to go as "Little 1922," they both went as "Quaker Maidens." What a charming trio they made.

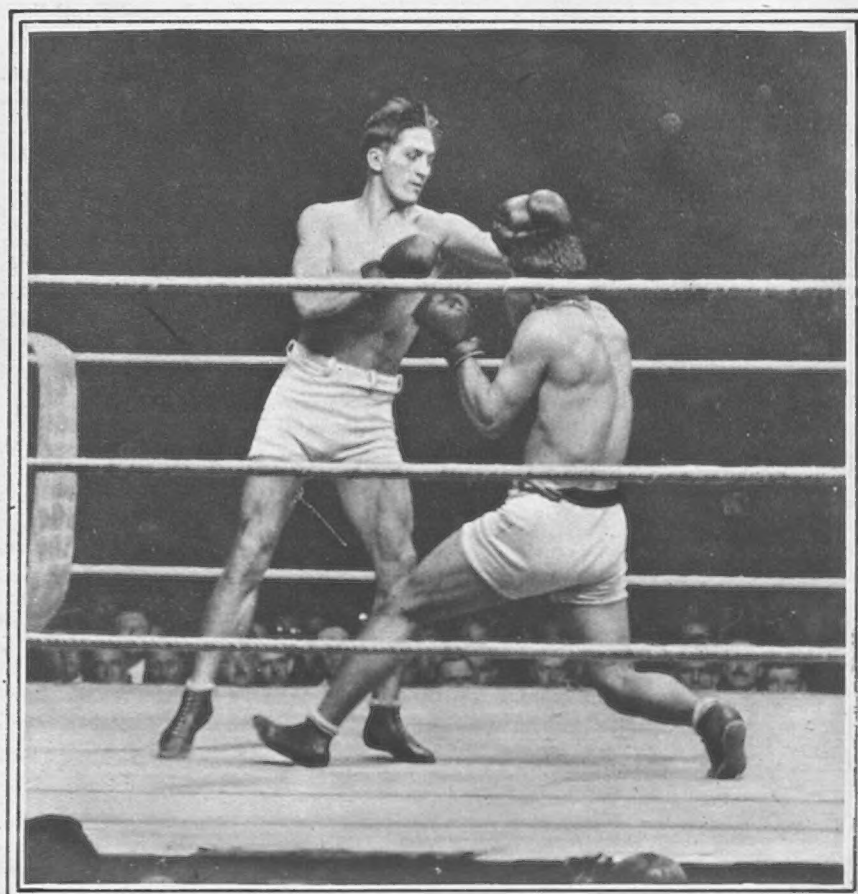
King Alexander is thirty-four years of age, and his Royal fiancée is twenty-two—a most suitable difference in these days when a dozen years is just about the right start to give a mere male an adequate opportunity of competing with the eternal feminine's natural advantages.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

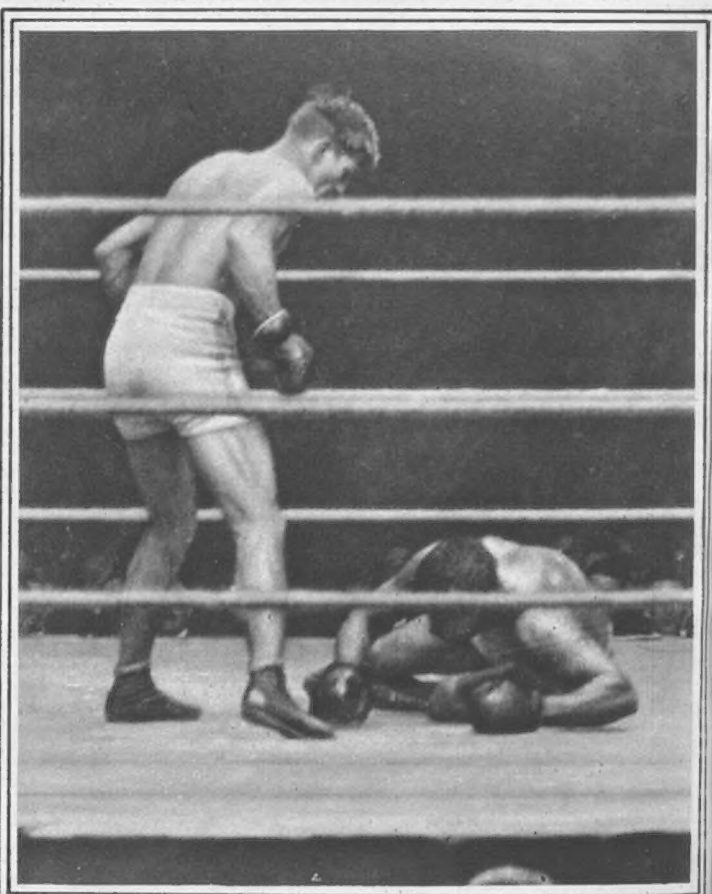
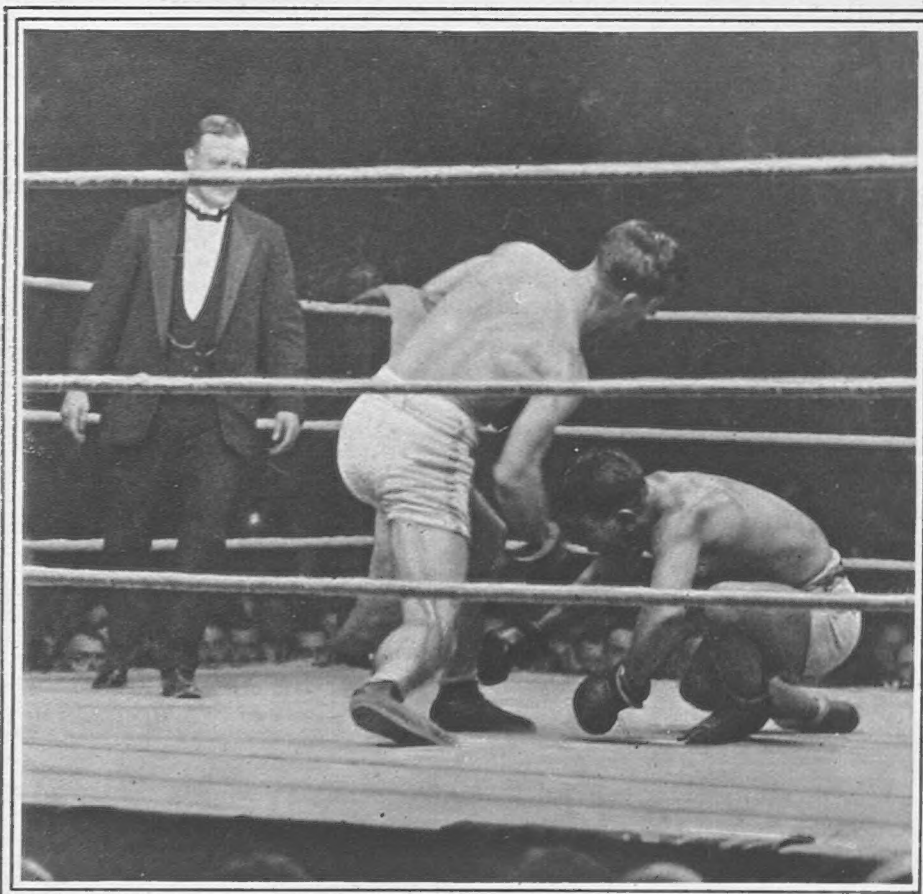
TWISTING PUNCHES: CARPENTIER



CARPENTIER CROUCHING IN CHARACTERISTIC MANNER.



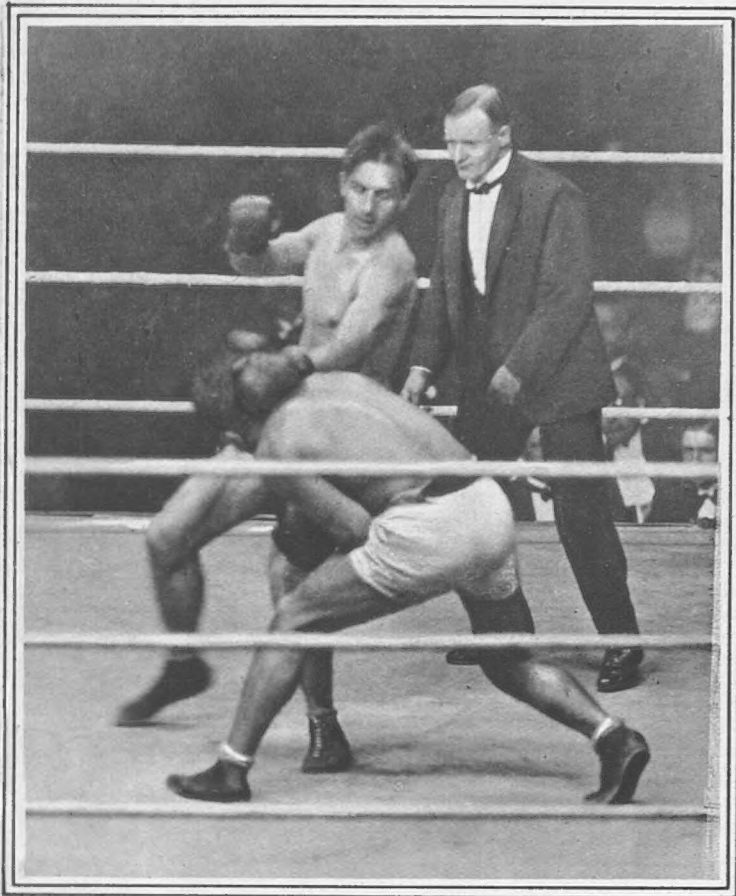
COOK PARRYING CARPENTIER'S LEFT.



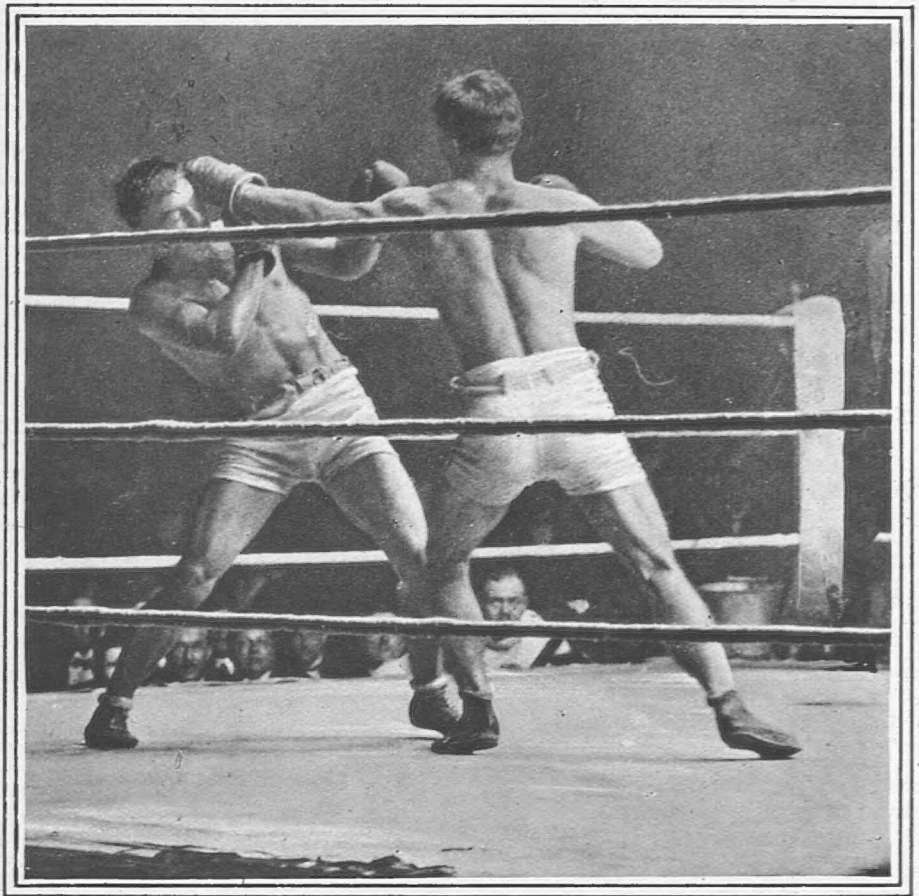
"A TWISTING RIGHT THAT FELL FAIRLY ON THE AUSTRALIAN'S JAW AND CRUMPLED HIM . . .

The fight between Georges Carpentier, the light-heavy-weight champion of the world, and George Cook, the heavy-weight champion of Australia, ended in the fourth round. The blow which dropped Cook would have knocked the senses out of any man. Mr. T. C. Wignall, of the "Daily Mail," describes it as follows: "Cook was moving inwards, crouched, and with guard very low. Carpentier, panther-like, retreated two paces, and then, with a swiftness that was phenomenal, he shot out a twisting right that fell fairly on the Australian's jaw and crumpled him with the same

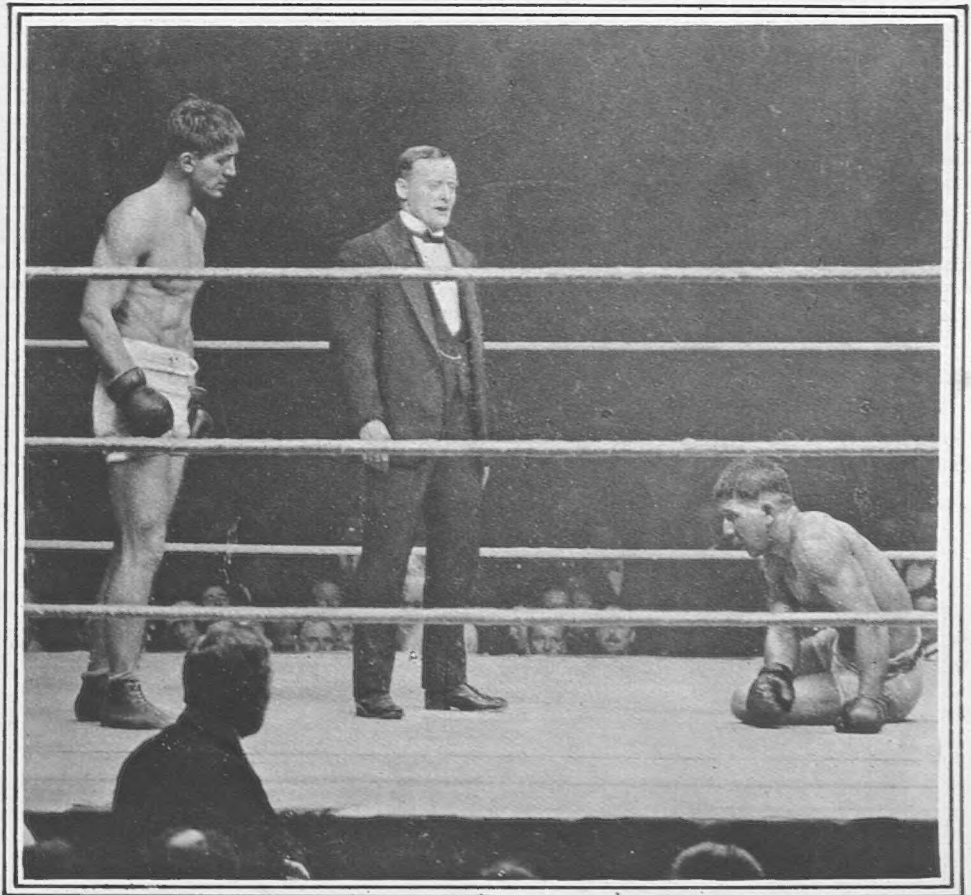
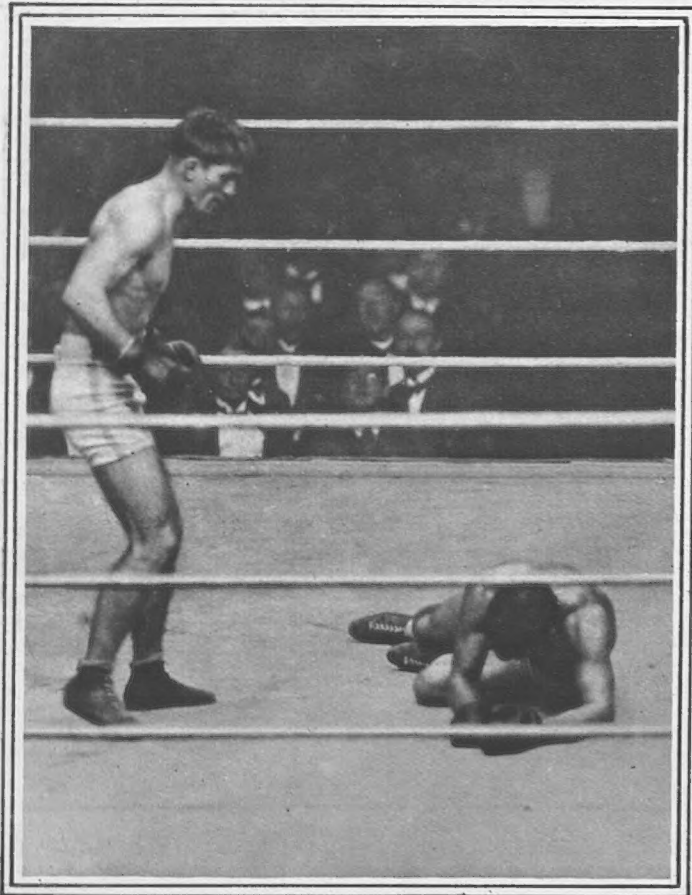
KNOCKS OUT COOK.



COOK AVOIDS A LEFT SWING BY CARPENTIER.



COOK PARRIES A LEFT LEAD.



A TWISTING PUNCH THAT DESERVES TO LIVE IN BOXING HISTORY": COOK KNOCKED OUT.

rapidity that a match-stick is broken between the fingers. . . . Cook's knees buckled at once. . . . He could not have been more than three or four inches from the ground when Carpentier rammed in a twisting punch that deserves to live in boxing history. . . . It was a short-arm blow, but it is doubtful if any other boxer in the world could have delivered it. Cook rolled over in a limp heap, and was still on his back when Mr. Jack Smith intoned the final numeral of his count."—[Photographs by special arrangement with Illustrations Bureau.]

Mr. Lloyd George Teaches M. Briand - Golf.



THE FRENCH EX-PREMIER'S FIRST DRIVE—OF 28 YARDS! M. BRIAND AND HIS GRIP.



"STAND FURTHER FROM THE BALL!" MR. LLOYD GEORGE COACHES M. BRIAND AND M. BONOMI; AND LORD RIDDELL (ON EXTREME LEFT) WATCHES.



THE ITALIAN PREMIER'S FIRST DRIVE: M. BONOMI AND HIS GRIP.



THE CONFERENCE ON THE TEE: M. BONOMI, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND M. BRIAND ABOUT TO PLAY.

The International Sixsome of Ministers played on the Mandelieu Golf Course was an historic round. The foreign Premiers were anxious to discover the charms of the game which seemed to exercise such a calming and inspiring influence on their illustrious confrères, the British statesmen, so a sixsome was arranged in which Mr. Lloyd George, M. Bonomi, and Lord Riddell played Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Grigg, and M. Briand. Neither M. Briand nor M. Bonomi had ever handled a golf club before,

and the French Premier had considerable difficulty in hitting the ball at all, and succeeded in cutting up the green to such an extent with his putter that "Ll. G." thought an urgent meeting of the Reparations Committee must be called! M. Bonomi made a good start, and hit his first ball for some 22 yards off the tee! Both tyros found the grip of the club difficult! Since the match, M. Briand has resigned office.—[Photographs by I.B. and C.N.]

A Brace.



TOMMY: Look what I found on the links to-day, dad!

DAD: Are you sure it was a lost ball, Tommy?

TOMMY: Lost?—of course it was lost. I saw the man looking for it!



JOHN (to long-suffering father): Father, am I made of dust?

FATHER: Can't be, or you'd dry up occasionally.

DRAWINGS BY WILMOT LUNT.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"
(GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC,
HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. Beautifully costumed, staged, and sung.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST.
MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

(Continued opposite.



A SUCCESS IN "POT LUCK":
MISS MARY LEIGH.

Continued.]

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE"
(CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAY-
HOUSE)

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" (NEW
OXFORD).

The Dolly Sisters as the Babes; a number of other clever people, headed by A. W. Baskcomb; brilliant scenery, dresses, and spectacle.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" (ALHAMBRA).

M. Diaghileff's company of Russian dancers at its strongest, in a charming version of the old fairy-story with Tchaikovsky's music, which has taken since 1890 to get to London.

2. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Spectacle, songs, dances; dresses charming and daring.

3. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

4. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

5. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

6. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

7. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

8. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.

9. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

10. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" (DALY'S).

A welcome revival, with Miss José Collins at the head of the cast.

11. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

12. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

With George Robey and Clarice Mayne.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (Garrick); "CINDERELLA" (Lyceum); "PUSS IN BOOTS" (Margaret Morris Theatre); "ALADDIN" (London Palladium); "THE WINDMILL MAN" (Victoria Palace).



"POT LUCK," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: "GET ON YOUR CRETONNE."

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "Clothes and the Woman";

London's Grand Guignol; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "Thank You, Phillips"; "The Rattlesnake"; "Cairo"; "She Stoops to Conquer"; "Charley's Aunt"; and "When Knights Were Bold." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co

Society's Summer in January: Riviera Pictures.



AT THE CANNES LAWN-TENNIS COURTS: LADY WARREN,
MISS AITKEN, AND MISS DRURY.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER:
LADY WAVERTREE.



AT THE BEAU SITE COURTS: MISS PETTITT, MRS. WOOLASTON RICHARDS, M.B.E.,
MR. SIMOND, AND COLONEL HAARTMAN.



LADY SONDES' UNMARRIED DAUGHTER:
MISS MEAKIN.

Cannes is rapidly filling up, but the golfing and political activities of the Conference company do not entirely "fill the bill" of Riviera fixtures. Plenty of lawn-tennis is being played. Lady Warren is the wife of Sir Norcot Warren; Lady Wavertree is the wife of Lord Waver-

tree, formerly Colonel Hall-Walker; Miss Meakin is the unmarried daughter of Countess Sondes, and step-daughter of Lord Sondes; and Mr. Simond is the well-known lawn-tennis referee. This page, of course, illustrates only one facet of the many-sided charms of Cannes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

ST. MORITZ AND MÜRREN: DON'T



HER "DAZZLE" DRESS: MRS. CANNINGTON IN STRIPES.



HARD WORK, BUT IT MUST BE DONE: MRS. JOHNS GRAY HELPS TO CLEAR THE RINK OF SNOW.



WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER: SIR



OFF FOR A MORNING'S SKI-ING: LADY CROSFIELD.



THE IMP ON SKIS AND THE MONKEY-FUR-TRIMMED LADY.

This page of St. Moritz and Mürren pictures is enough to stir all stay-at-homes with the desire to go off winter-sporting and join the merry crowd. It's hard work as well as pleasure, though, for when snow falls, it must be cleared off the rink; but everyone feels so energetic in Swiss winter conditions that there's no difficulty in getting the job done! Sir Godfrey Collins, whom we show with his son and daughter, Faithie,

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN

YOU WISH YOU WERE THERE?



GODFREY COLLINS, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.P.



WITH MR. LAW: LADY CHEETHAM
AT ST. MORITZ.



LORD FERMOY, WHO PLAYED AGAINST
ST. MORITZ AT ICE-HOCKEY.



A HEAVY LOAD: MRS. MOLSON SHOVELS UP MR. SHAW STEWART.



HOW TO GET THE SNOW OFF YOUR SKIS: MISS BECKER SMITH.

is the Member for Greenock. Lady Cheetham is the wife of Sir Milne Cheetham, K.C.M.G., and the daughter of the late M. Mouravieff, Russian Ambassador in Rome.—Lord Fermoy hadn't indulged in ice-hockey for fifteen years, but turned out for the Cambridge side when they played St. Moritz.—Lady Crosfield is the wife of Sir Arthur Crosfield, Bt., and is by birth a Greek. She was formerly Miss Domini Elliadi.

FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

I KNOW an officer whose family associations for generations have been with the cavalry. He belonged to one of the regiments that have just been disbanded. He said the Army was his career, and he meant to stick to it. There was no other cavalry regiment for him to go to, but the War Office said he could be transferred to the Guards, and to the Guards he now belongs; and, being a natural soldier, he will make a good Guardsman, and, being not badly off, he has not minded too much the heavy extra expense of entirely new uniforms and kit. But he is lucky. He is already getting over his heartburnings.

"And do you know what was his first job as a Guardsman?" one of his friends told me laughingly. "Well, they asked him to take out a couple of chargers in one of the London parks, to get them quiet and amenable, and suited for ceremonial occasions."

200,000 Photographs.

Sir Martin Conway, scholar, traveller, Alpinist, and Member of Parliament, has for nearly half a century been making a certain collection; and he is almost satisfied that his task approaches completion. And yet it never can be complete, for Sir Martin, over all these years, has been gathering photographs of the Works of Man—famous buildings, great engineering triumphs, historic vessels, airships; and as man's restless inventiveness never ceases, the collection must always continue to grow.

Sir Martin now has over 200,000 photographs, and his hope is to find a permanent home for them, and to give them to the nation.

Sir Martin is a very varied man, and the philosophy of a full life seems to have taught him that there can be virtue in "taking your time." His volumes on Dutch Art took thirty-five years in the making, but how complete they are! Also it took him nine years to gather the material for his book on Spitzbergen. But, having collected his facts, he did the actual writing in just over three months.

The "Iolanthe" Pencil. You can tell how certain everyone is that a Gilbert and Sullivan season will become an annual London affair because of something that happened to Mr. Geoffrey Toye, the dashing, good-looking musical director. Last year it became one of the jests that at rehearsal he always borrowed a watch from his first violin to know how the time was going. At the final rehearsal for "Iolanthe," it was a pencil he wanted.

The first violin had, of course, to find one for him, and Mr. Toye laughed, saying, "Well, I've got a watch this year, and I'll get a pencil for next season. We'll build up

as we go along." Toye is an accomplished musician, who will be a force in assisting in the steady advance of the younger school of British composers. He has a very pleasant flow of humour, too. You should hear some of his anecdotes of Sir Frederick "Westminster" Bridge.

Value of a Title.

Lady Wyndham still goes to first nights, though, now she has retired, she says she is not keen upon turning out more than one night a week. But how alert her theatre sense is! Everyone knows how hard it has been to get a seat to see Sir Charles Hawtrey in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." But how many people know that it was Lady Wyndham who chose the title, and kept emphasising its drawing value to Mr. Walter Hackett, the author?

Mr. Hackett had chosen "Spanish Treasure," and as "Spanish Treasure" the piece started its preliminary run in the provinces. Lady

quaint stories hang like legends. His snow-white hair, his sweeping black cloak, his sombrero hat, his stately diction.

But they are all wrong. Mr. McKinnel had not Odell in mind. When he took up the study of Blayds, there sprang to memory certain tricks of speech and gesture of his own father, an old gentleman of compellingly strong character, who had a gift for exacting filial obedience. Some of his characteristics peep out in Blayds.

The Speyer Case Delay.

They are asking in the clubs why, if certain of the events on which he now stands condemned occurred in 1915, action was not taken earlier in the case of Sir Edgar Speyer. The activities of all neutrals carrying on trade with Germany were, through the vigilance of the Trade Censor, fairly accurately known in that year.

They were a happy band of brothers working with the "T.C." in the old building at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Admiral Savory, Lord Calthorpe, and that eminently clubbable man, Colonel Stracey-Clitheroe, were all employed as juniors, and particularly keen on their job. Many successful inquiries were held before the organisation of Sir Reginald Hall and Sir Basil Thomson was keyed up to its subsequent efficiency.

The guileless trader would be invited into the office to elucidate some commercial term. He would be blandly received, and the latest manifestation of the submarine campaign would be amiably discussed, until suddenly he was confronted with an accurately decoded version of his seemingly harmless cable to Bergen or Copenhagen. The Office ran a secret publication, "The Cable Censor's Handbook," which was the genesis of the famous "Statutory Black List of Neutrals Trading with the Enemy."

Possibly the solution of the riddle set out above is to be found in the passage of the report that refers to the conflict between the F.O., the Home Office,

and the Board of Trade. Until unity of command was achieved, liaison between the various intelligence departments was by no means perfect. M.I. 8b (the War Office organisation), the War Trade Intelligence Department, and the Trade Censor were none of them enamoured of each other's activities. But why, the clubs still ask, was action so long delayed?

Answered.

I heard a husband chuckling much over a retort administered to his wife by an assistant at one of the big shops during the sale days. She had been examining with a highly critical air a bargain in tweed skirts. "All cotton, I suppose?" was her scornful comment. "Well, Madam," replied the assistant sweetly, "we can't guarantee it all cotton!"



THE LATEST ROYAL BETROTHAL: KING ALEXANDER OF THE SERBS, CROATS, AND SLOVENES, AND PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

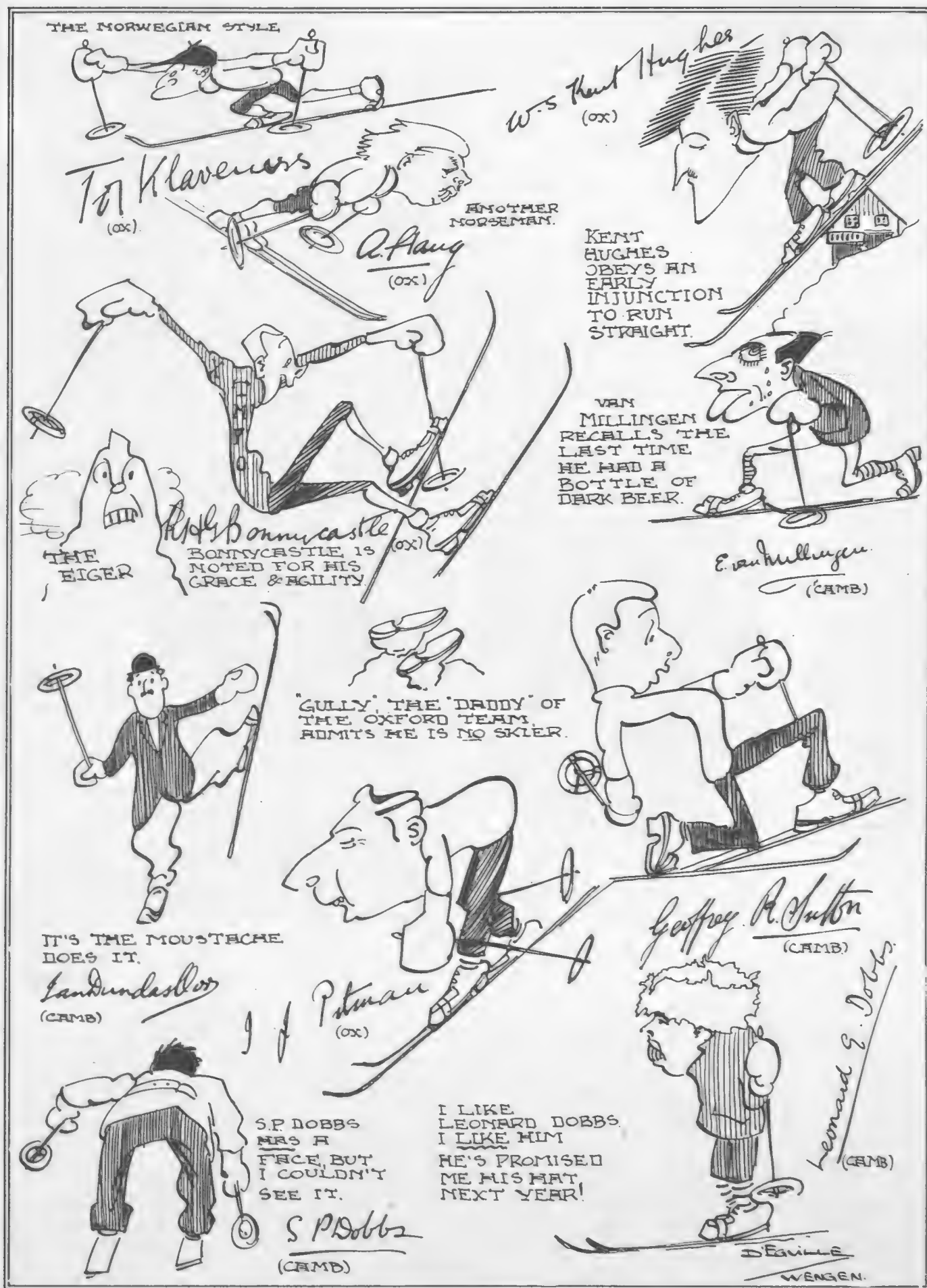
The engagement of Princess Marie, second daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, to King Alexander of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, was announced last week. King Alexander who succeeded King Peter on the throne of the Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes, was born in 1888, and is eleven years older than his bride-elect. It will be remembered that Princess Marie's eldest sister married the Duke of Sparta in February of last year. The engagement is of interest in this country as Princess Marie is a great-grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, her mother being a daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Wyndham wrote again and again to Mr. Hackett, telling him "Spanish Treasure" was not a good title, and repeating her belief in the quaint-looking name of the principal character. Mr. Hackett did at last test Lady Wyndham's advice. Business increased at once. "All good plays do not succeed," says Lady Wyndham; "but very often a title that attracts prevents a good play from failing."

A Norman McKinnel Part.

Here is another stage item. Nine-tenths of the critics and men-about-town who have seen Mr. Norman McKinnel's masterly character-acting in "The Truth About Blayds" have made it clear that Mr. McKinnel could have studied only one well-known personage for the make-up he affects—the celebrated Bohemian, Odell, about whom

Autographed Caricatures: Dark and Light Blues.



INTER-VARSITY SKI-ING: OXFORD BEATS CAMBRIDGE IN THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE AT WENGEN.

Oxford was victorious in the cross-country ski-ing race held at Wengen. Our artist has caricatured various members of the opposing teams, and has again persuaded his victims to autograph

their "portraits" for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. Oxford also won the ice-hockey match against Cambridge, and is thus, apparently, establishing a Dark Blue supremacy for winter sports this year.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY D'EGVILLE.



Tales with a sting.

THE CHAMPION.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Author of "Low Ceilings," "Green Ladies," &c.)

IN the lounge of the Midas Hotel in Easthampton, Silvester ran into little Enid Sabek. Rather cataclysmic that, all things considered. He was about to adopt a discreet and unobserving attitude, when two facts positively clawed hold of his attention.

The first was that Enid saw him and gasped with definite fright. The second was that Aubrey Henn-Agle rose from Enid's side, and, with that elaborate air of unconcern which bespeaks a guilty mind, sidled away into the deep unknown beyond the artificial palms.

Rollo Silvester frowned. He recalled how Aubrey's name had been connected with Enid's. How Aubrey's wife was a friend of his own, and a dear little thing at that. He also remembered what nice people the Sabeks were and how a scandal would floor them. Above all, what a sweet, innocent child Enid was. All these things he connected up with Easthampton and its significant boat service to the Continent—how well he had reason to appreciate the meaning of that.

In thirty-five seconds he was sitting by Enid's side. She was too scared to be sensible. Already she had asked how he knew—if everybody already knew.

"Nobody else knows, and nobody else need know, Enid," he told her solemnly. "Let me, as one who knows the world well, advise you to return before it is too late."

"I can't, Rollo," she gasped. "The thing is decided. I've made up my mind."

"You haven't," he told her ruthlessly. "That scoundrel has made it up for you. Look here, Enid, I know what I am talking about. I understand men like Aubrey, who make love to girls in spite of their wives at home. He's talked you round. Filled your mind with the glamour of this thing. He's talked to you of the 'world well lost,' and all that sort of romantic stuff."

"He loves me," she sobbed.

"So he says, but, believe me, I understand exactly what that means, Enid. Really, it means that the thing has got to his head for the moment. He doesn't think of you or anybody else at all. He doesn't think of the ruin he'll bring to you or to anybody else. Why should he?—it doesn't matter so much to a man. After a time he can go back and resume his old life. But you—you know what it means to a woman mixed up in a scandal like this? You'll be an outcast. Your own world will never receive you again," and so on and so on.

Rollo pleaded well. He put all the points. He felt a curious moral glow within him that gave his words force. He talked with genuine emotion, pointing out the ruin the elopement would bring to her—the life of remorse, the shabby existence in the social underworld she would be forced to face henceforth.

He pleaded for the wronged wife—how her life and happiness would be shattered. He pointed out how duty was more important than love, and how the social fabric could not exist unless all observed the laws. He was carried away by his own eloquence. Really he was amazing, irresistible. He felt a true champion of morality. A crusader. He was proud of himself; he warmed and enthused to his task.

And in the end right won. He carried the dear girl right off her feet. He made her see reason, see the proper thing to do. He had looked at his wrist-watch several times, in the fear that he could not win her in the time at his disposal, but he won. Actually he persuaded her to let him take her in his car to the station, and there put her into the London train. Aubrey had made one ineffectual effort to protest, but Rollo's stern manner and the way he handled his stick had sent the fellow to the right-about very quickly.

When you've already decided, when you've made up your mind?"

"But have I made it up? Didn't you do it for me? I keep on thinking of what we are to do, what lays before us."

"Why think, my dearest? The world's well lost if only you and I are happy together."

"Will we be happy together—I mean always? Aren't we just carried away with the glamour of it?"

"I love you," he protested. "You know that, Daria?"

"Now, yes, so you say; but will it continue? Are you thinking of the ruin you are bringing to—to your wife, and perhaps to both of us—me? It doesn't matter so much to a man. You can go back to your old life; but what about me, later—how will the world treat me? Shall I be an outcast?"

"My dear old thing, don't be so Victorian. All that sort of thing has gone out of existence. This is a modern world, people have a broader outlook."

"And there's your wife," she protested. "I can't help thinking of her—the wrong to her, the shattering of her happiness. You may not love her any more, but there's duty. Duty counts above love."

"Love is above everything," Rollo told her. He pointed out how they would be false to their true natures if they were false to their love. How their future existences would be a mockery and a sham unless they behaved as their hearts demanded. "Believe me, I know exactly what it would mean, Daria," he told her. "How could I honestly keep up the pretence of living and loving my wife, if I loved you all the time? No, let me assure you, as a man of the world, the bold, brave way is

the only way. Let me advise you, as one who knows the world well, that to return would be wrong."

He pleaded with her. He was carried away by his eloquence. Really he was amazing, irresistible. He felt a true champion of morality. A crusader of modern freedom. He was proud of himself; he warmed and enthused to his task.

And in the end right won. He carried the dear girl right off her feet. He made her see reason, the proper thing to do. Her last illogical fear was broken down, and she helped him carry her small motor-trunk out to the car. He told her that everything was all right, that he had arranged for the shipment of the car, and had wired ahead so that everything would be smooth working on their tour.

As he lolled at the wheel, with Daria beside him, on their run to Easthampton and the boat that was to take them to the Continent, he felt a good and brave fellow. The world had reason to be proud of the way he had defied convention and broken through its shibboleths.

THE END.



CHORUS OF PLAYERS: Foul! Foul! Free kick! Penalty! Hands! Free kick!
 DICTIONARY: REFEREE (getting his blow in first): Half Time!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

So that good deed was well accomplished, and with time to spare. Rollo saw the dear little girl off, and then set out in his car for his destination. As he lolled at the wheel he felt a good, brave fellow. The world had reason to be proud of him.

He ran to the sleek country, and at last came to the little bungalow. Daria was waiting at the gate, and seemed just a little scared when his car came up. He looked at her without getting out of the car.

"All right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said with some hesitation.

"Yes, in a way—yes, all right."

"I mean—nobody here?"

"Nobody here," she faltered. "Mother and father are away until twelve, as we expected. I've sent the servants down to the village."

"Couldn't be better," he smiled, getting out. He caught her in his arms. "What a wise, dear little thing you are, Daria."

"Am I?" she said half-fearfully. "I sometimes think I am not, Rollo. . . . Rollo, ought we do it?"

"Daria," he cried. "You say that now?"

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The Lights of Paris.

WERE I asked who is the true king of our time, I should unhesitatingly reply—the photographer! His tripod bestrides our little globe like a three-legged Colossus. His little hand-camera peeps out from unexpected places, like the famous Eye of Moscow. He sees all; he registers all. My chief impression of the Cannes Conference is that of a number of smiling persons walking in a wind, or smoking cigarettes in comfortable chairs, or sitting solemnly around a table and looking fixedly in the same direction. Or they may be playing golf. The Paris photographers relate with gusto how they sprang out upon Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grigg, and how the caddie was shocked at such audacity, and how the Premier laughed heartily at their surprising intrusion, and consented to pose as he addressed his ball. When he was not addressing the Supreme Council, he was addressing his ball—which was just another little sphere which he wished to put in its place!

"Smile, Please!" In Paris a witty *chansonnier* has summed up these gatherings in a song

which has, as refrain, the haunting words:

*Ne bougez plus, et
souriez,
On va vous photo-
graphier!*

There are countless pictures of what the French are calling the Babel Palace. M. Briand is to be seen promenading on La Croisette, and it is perhaps as well to warn readers that he has no pretensions to being the best-dressed man of France or of setting masculine fashion. Usually he wears an ample brown raglan. He is to be seen in the automobile of M. Loucheur. He may be observed dining with M. Doumer, or taking tea in the Villa Valetta. The police may well be vigilant on the links of Mandelieu and about the Cercle Nautique, but the ubiquitous photographer beats them every time.

Books and Circuses.

It is not true that all the photographers were at Cannes, though one might be excused for thinking so. They were, for example, the other day at the Cirque de Paris, where one of the most amusing galas took place in aid of the children of the devastated Ardennes. Amateur circus-riding has lately been something of a vogue in the French capital, and following the example of others, Mme. Delarue-Mardrus appeared in the ring upon her horse *Cœur-Volant*. She is one of the most popular novelists now writing in France, but she chose on this occasion to appear as a cowboy. It is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow, and if literature ever fails, Mme. Delarue-Mardrus will be able to fall back on the circus. It is certainly interesting to observe this increasing desire to do things which is manifested by literary men and women. The literary recluse who had "no use" for the world is now extinct as the Dodo.

M. Arthur Meyer's Hat.

M. Arthur Meyer, the venerable editor of the chief Society paper, did not himself descend into the fascinating arena—but his hat did. His hat shines as no other hat shines. It has curves that belong to the Second Empire. Everything else may change, but the hat of M. Arthur Meyer remains unchanged. It was from this brilliant headgear that the winning numbers of the tombola were drawn; and as each piece of paper represented a valuable piece of jewellery—offered by the fashionable jewellers of Paris—the hat of M. Meyer may be likened unto a conjurer's hat, from which are extracted the most amazing articles. The Baroness Gaïfier d'Hestroy, the wife of the Belgian Ambassador, was in the box of the Duchesse de Vendôme. M. and Mme. Deschamps, who had organised the fête, received the guests, who represented the society of Paris—French and English—that is not yet on the Riviera.

"Merry Widow's" Return.

One feature of Paris life has hitherto been lacking since the war. We have not yet welcomed the Viennese



THE LEADING LADY IN "DÉDÉ," AT THE BOUFFES-PARISIENS:
MLLE. WARNA.

Mlle. Warna has made a great success as the leading lady in "Dédé," at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris. Our photographs show her in two of the latest hats from the famous Maison Lewis. One is adorned with a Spanish comb, and the other boasts the mystery veil in its latest and most attractive form.

opera. But it is coming. Everybody is asking when we shall greet "La Veuve Joyeuse" again. Was there ever a piece which had such popularity as "The Merry Widow"? Even "Phi-Phi," of joyous memory, has not been so deeply regretted. It is somewhat odd that with Wagner reigning at the Opéra as he used to reign, Franz Lehár is still barred. But now another attempt is being made to bring back the gay dame of other days, and this time the promoters should succeed. M. Robert de Flers, who holds the rights, is extremely cautious. He is not disposed to invite demonstrations of hostility. For my part, I should have thought there were, or ought to be, plenty of melodious French operettas. But apparently French composers cannot supply the demand for this kind of fare. If that is the case, as it seems to be, then there is surely no reason why we should be deprived of the company of the Viennese lady. At any rate, her passport is being prepared, and soon she will be among us once more.

Shows Galore. When this happens, and perhaps not until this happens, it will be true to say that Paris is herself



again, and has really revived her pre-war festivity. I have recorded here how one by one the lights have been lit. The Bal Bullier is opened; the Moulin de la Galette and the Moulin Rouge are filled with dancers. The theatres are thronged as they have not been for some time. Indeed, no fewer than thirty-four new places of entertainment were opened last year, besides seven hundred dancing-halls. This is surely prodigious. There are, indeed, some new types of shows. The principal development is a sort of expensive cabaret, which is as different as may be imagined from the old-style cabaret.

New-Style Cabaret.

In the old-style cabaret of Montmartre you paid a franc or two for your evening's amusement, which consisted of a small glass of beer, perhaps a little supper, and a few singers. In the new-style cabaret, which apparently has some success, you pay eighty francs or so for a bottle of champagne, and watch more or less well-known artists, who sing and dance. Even Mistinguett does not disdain to look in at a luxurious establishment after midnight, when she has finished her performance at the Casino. Certainly Paris has become more luxurious, and entertainment has become costly.

The Lecture Craze.

Another new form of amusement which is now in vogue is the *conférence*—no, not the sort that they have at Cannes. There have always, of course, been lectures, but they have not been organised in this way and associated with stylish restaurants. Now, twice a week in one restaurant, some celebrity attends to talk at large about whatever he pleases. Thus already Sacha Guitry has been wittily discursive, and Van Dongen has revealed satirically the secrets of his success. Firmin Gémier has told a select audience of his great popular projects. Gabrielle Dorziat relates her débuts in the seventh art—which is, of course, that of the cinema. Then there is the inimitable Cécile Sorel, of the Comédie-Française, who will speak of the heroine of "Le Misanthrope," and of feminine coquetry in general.

Some Celebrities.

It would take too long to mention all the Paris celebrities who are becoming *conférenciers*, but I cannot omit Maître de Moro-Giafferi, the famous defender of Landru; nor Roland Dorgelès, the excellent author; nor Mme. Colette, so vivacious and *spirituelle*; nor Jean-Gabriel Domergue, the artist *à la mode*; nor Alexandre Duval, who not only provides the meals of the majority of visitors to Paris, but also the meals of the Deputies at the Chamber, and who is the most conspicuous first-nighter. And always does the ubiquitous photographer put in an appearance!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



WITH MARJORIE, BETTY, AND JOY:
MRS. DU PRE, THE WIFE OF LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL W. B. DU PRE, M.P.

Mrs. du Pre is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel William Baring du Pre, M.P. for the Wycombe Division of Buckinghamshire, and is the daughter of the late Captain Henry Townley Wright, R.N. She was married in 1903, and has three little girls—Marjorie, Betty, and Joy, who are shown with her in our portrait group. Colonel and Mrs. du Pre have a country seat, Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, and a town residence in Wilton Crescent.





**THE CHAIRMAN OF THE "NAMESAKE"
COMMITTEE OF MARYS:**

The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley, who is a personal friend of Princess Mary, is the Chairman of the Committee of Marys organising the gift to the Princess from her namesakes. She is the wife of the Hon. Geoffrey Hope Morley, elder son of Lord Hollenden, and is the daughter of the first



**THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY HOPE MORLEY;
WITH MARY AND ELPETH.**

Baron Burghclere. Mrs. Hope Morley was married in 1914, and has two little girls—Mary Joan Fenella Hope, born in 1915, and Elspeth Rachel Mariane Winifred Hope, born in 1917. Mrs. Hope Morley has recently been in Switzerland with her husband, winter-sporting at Mürren.

PORTRAIT STUDIES EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Children's Studio*, 43, Dover Street, W.



The Corner Shelf.

IN these days of sharp and sudden promotion, when Mr. Galsworthy waves aside the beckoning finger of the Patronage Secretary and Sir James Barrie is called out of the ink-stained ranks to baronetcy and the Order of Merit, one may lament without affectation the omission of one long-suffering group of writers from the literary attentions of Sir William Sutherland (or does he only make the Bishops?). One has never in England encountered the remotest sign of respect—much less a blue ribbon or a peerage—for a critic. Sad. But true. Yet they are a deserving class. And (when not at their deadly worst) full of human kindness.

Saviours of Society.

Think, only think, a moment of the service which they perform for society. By the books, that is to say, which they save society from having to read by reading them with their own gallant eyes. And telling society all about them afterwards. So that the poor dears can talk just as brightly on the subject as though they had ploughed, waded, or thrust through the dreadful book themselves. A dreary calling, comparable only to the interminable labours of the miner in his dark, damp gallery.

The Lonely Adventurer.

And the tragedy of it lies in the dreadful recurrences. A successful novelist in England is like a successful Academy painter—he re-draws the same scene with a new title every year. And the wretched critic is the pilot engine which the reading public pushes before it up the line to each dreary discovery. Horrible. And so lonely. Because most of them are read by no one else, and the critic stands, a small but fearless figure, among the icy peaks of the author's bad taste and worse grammar, where no other human foot will ever follow him.

Classified Memoirs.

Brave fellow. But never braver than when he confronts Memoirs. Memoirs are of two sorts—English and foreign. English Memoirs are of two sorts—good and bad. In the case of foreign Memoirs this classification is unnecessary. Yet even they fall into certain classes. They either tell the Truth about the Archduke Rudolph or retail with morbid affection the Last Moments of the Tsar and his family. No other foreign Memoir is genuine.

A Familiar Story.

And that is why one was inclined at first to recoil a little from M. Gilliard's offer to recount to one his "Thirteen Years at the Russian Court." One has become (may it be said without impertinence to the considerable number of deserving ladies and gentlemen—and especially ladies—engaged in this industry) to be so very familiar with the experiences which are, *règle générale*, recounted to us by

the Highly Placed Individuals who are prevailed upon by their British publishers to place their reminiscences before us. Their simple upbringing in the old home at Darmstadt-Schmettau, the call to Russia, a gracious lady seen in a dim light, a chapter or so on Rasputin, and then the crash, the leering faces, the long days in the heat of a Siberian summer, and the



A YOUNG DANCER IN "CAIRO": MISS JOAN MAUDE, DAUGHTER OF MISS NANCY PRICE (MRS. CHARLES MAUDE).

Miss Joan Maude is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Miss Nancy Price, the well-known actress, whose return to the stage in "Blood and Sand" has created so much interest. Miss Maude, who is fourteen years of age, is appearing as a dancer in "Cairo." She is a very clever girl, and designs her own dresses and invents her own dances.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

sudden heroic presence of Admiral Koltchak. And there you have it. To be called "Memories of a Lady in Waiting," or "The Red Ruin," as the spirit moves you.



RESPONSIBLE FOR A DRAMATISED VERSION OF "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE": MISS NORMA MITCHELL INNES.

Miss Norma Mitchell Innes is the second daughter of Mr. E. A. Mitchell Innes, C.B.E., K.C. She recently dramatised and produced a version of "Aucassin and Nicolette" at Hemel Hempstead, in aid of a charity.—[Photograph by Madame Lewis.]

By-Products of a Tragedy.

One would not for a moment deny the real tragedy that lies behind many of these stories. England was flooded with similar tales—and so was Germany—when the flotsam of the French Revolution was cast up on its shores without an asset except its memories of the Queen—the lost, incomparable Queen—and a faint aptitude for teaching dancing and the French irregular verbs to the young subjects of King George III. You get that sort of thing in the backwash of every revolution; and the tedious books on Russia which are inflicted on us at such short, so much too short, intervals are only the mildly pathetic by-products of the tragedy which has made them possible.

Above the Average.

But M. Gilliard is a bit above the average. He tutored the Dauphin of the Russian tragedy from 1905 until a few days before the dreadful end, and he saw the Russian Court of the decadence with an observant Swiss eye. His book has something of the revealing quality (without the intellectual distinction) of M. Filon's on that other ill-fated Prince Imperial. It is illustrated with some informing snapshots of the family, and one is haunted through the whole trivial story of Imperial life by the great shadow of the end.

A Brave Attempt.

He does not deal profusely in revelations. But he makes a brave attempt to explain the inexplicable pervasion of the Court by Rasputin. He sees in it a very Russian veneration on the part of a lady who was not a Russian for a holy man who was quite notably unsavoury, and a belief (more credible, perhaps) by a driven mother that, when all doctors seemed to fail, a confident quack could cure her son of an illness of which she had seen the deadly effect in her own family.

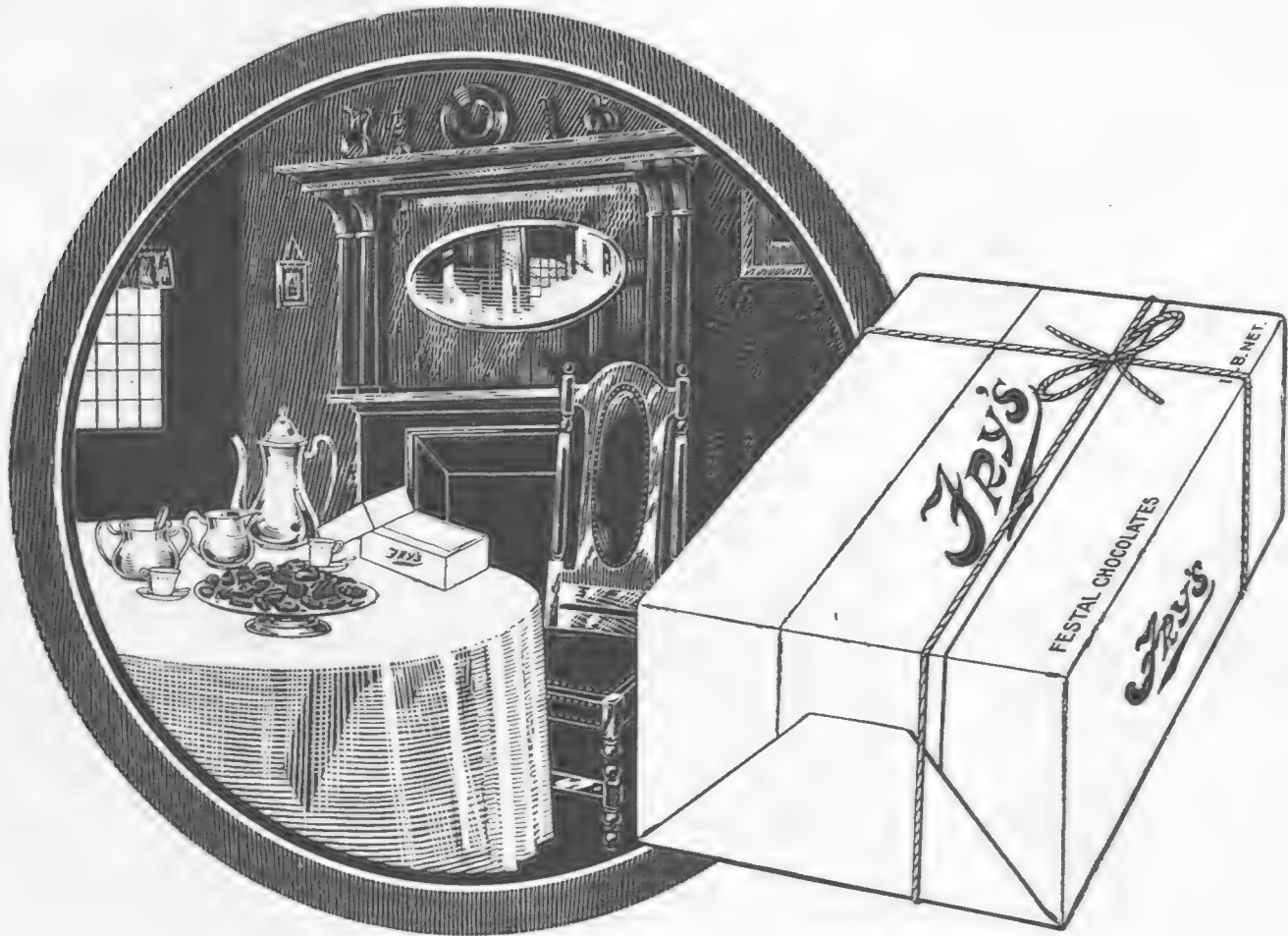
The Sound Guide.

So M. Gilliard's memories are worth turning over by those who stare with interest at the strange phenomena of the Russian collapse. He tells us nothing (perhaps he saw nothing) of Russia. But his observation of the Court was shrewd and honest, and he is a sound guide through the maze of misleading (and often concocted) reminiscences—like that referred to by our author as containing a vivid and detailed narrative of his own death.

Stage Recollections.

More substantial than most memories are the recollections of the Stage. It is the inevitable quality of our entertainers that the occasions which for them are historic, and even a trifle solemn, have for us, who just sat in front and walked out of the stalls when it was all over, an ephemeral quality. So it is with almost every Moment in dramatic history. Yet one would not for that discourage them from writing (if they want to) their recollections, or chill a grandson's piety which has

(Continued overleaf.)



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Continued.
impelled Mr. Percy Allen to record the full career of Mrs. Stirling. Because there are so many still more uninteresting things which they might write about if they gave their minds to it.

The Primeval Thespian Jungle. One walks, with Mrs. Stirling, into the pre-history of the modern stage. So early are her earliest times, and so primeval the denizens of the Thespian jungle, that one almost expects to encounter Mr. H. G. Wells taking notes for an Outline of History.

Mrs. Stirling's Début. Her biographer is interesting in his excursions into the early theatrical history of London, when "The Wild Women of Alsace" was (or were) to be seen in Newton Street, Holborn, at the penny gaff. But he becomes most interesting when his study of Mrs. Stirling's début gives us extracts from the critical jargon of the day. And one is delighted with the feeble

drama; there will be no actors sufficiently trained to present it"—or, one may add, sufficiently aware that verse is verse and prose is prose. Although the great Macready had, one is told by Fanny Kemble, no rhythmic sense and cut his verse lines up



AUTHOR OF "AT SUNWICH PORT,"
"CAPTAINS ALL," ETC.: MR. W. W.
JACOBS.

Mr. William Wynmark Jacobs is one of the most popular authors of the day. His nautical tales appeal to nearly every reader of light, richly humorous fiction. He lives at Berkhamsted, and is a member of the Garrick Club.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

into slabs of cold prose—just as though he were the gifted Miss — or Sir — of our own day.

The Producer—A Modern Invention. The book is full of pleasant contrasts. The great masters of the past seem to have ruled their rehearsals without argument

from that modern invention, the producer. "The great Macready takes his recruits, rehearses for and with them, making them all speak in his own peculiar manner, conceive, read, and execute the parts his way." Nowadays that work is done by the little gentleman whose name is not written half so large upon the programme, whom we call the producer. He, and not the poor actress who is slated for it in half the papers in London, is guilty of that *gaucherie* in the Second Act; or conceived the turn of the shoulder before her exit which made us all praise pretty Miss —'s supreme artistry.

When Actors Did Act.

So, in the long years between 1832 and 1882, whilst England passed from the thick hand of King William IV. into Early Victorian, and from Mid-Victorian to Late Victorian, Mrs. Stirling held the stage in London, and delighted a public which grew grey with her. And what astonishes one, beyond the length of her career, is the



GINGER IN "THE FAITHFUL HEART," AT THE COMEDY: MISS LOIS HEATHERLEY.

Miss Lois Heatherley is the grand-daughter of Mr. Thomas Heatherley, founder of the Heatherley Art Schools, and daughter of Dr. F. Heatherley, who was recently appointed Heart Specialist to the Ministry of Pensions in Manchester. Miss Heatherley is taking the rôle of Ginger, the landlady's daughter, in Mr. Monckton Hoffe's successful play, "The Faithful Heart," at the Comedy.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

fragments of floating doggerel with which a theatrical career is salted—

I've been photographed like this,
I've been photographed like that,
I've been photographed so youthful
In a lovely fluffy hat.

No careful student of the pages preceding this one can say that the human machine—in London, at any rate—has very profoundly changed one of its most constant activities.

Juliet and the Nurse. Her earliest stages take her into a dim theatrical shadow where Macready loomed and the players seemed all in direct descent from Mrs. Siddons herself. And in our own day she smiled sweetly and grumbled delightfully as the Nurse, whilst Miss Ellen Terry or Miss Mary Anderson played Juliet. The young ladies were always so charming to their Nurse, and it is pleasant to remember that Time has rolled on still further, and now Miss Terry has played Nurse to the Juliet of a still younger (but, oh, not more competent) actress.

She Was Right. And how true was her remark, with Sir Henry Irving, to Sir Frank Benson: "In twenty-four years there will be no poetic or romantic



IN HER BEAUTIFUL PRIZE-WINNING FANCY DRESS:
MRS. AYLEN.

Mrs. Aylen is the wife of Major Aylen, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., Headquarters Staff, Lahore District. The dress in which we show her is composed of cloth-of-silver, adorned with strings of pearls, and a large number of egrets. It was awarded the first prize for the most artistic and original dress at a large fancy-dress ball held at Dalhousie, India.

Photograph by Shiv Ram, Dalhousie, India.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON: LADY EILEEN
ORDE.

Lady Eileen Orde is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and the wife of Mr. Julian Cuthbert Orde, whom she married in 1916. She is a clever artist, and painted the chiffon train for the wedding-dress of her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Orde, when she was married to Mr. Aubrey Edward Kenny-Herbert, last year.

Photograph by Bassano.

diversity of her parts—six columns of them in an appendix. And all different. Because in those days, now irredeemably gone, an actor was an actor, and not the monotonous exhibitor of his own personality. As Sir Frank Benson writes in his Introduction: "Their methods were founded, not on a desire merely to exploit their own narrowing interest, eccentric personality, or self-conscious temperament, round which the popular author of the day might be tempted to write an individual character-sketch, but rather to enlarge their technique, sympathy, and understanding, so as to gain a capacity to represent as many human souls and bodies as a Garrick, a Talma, or a Robson." That—and only that—is acting, and as an actress of that order Mrs. Stirling lived and died.

Thirteen Years at the Russian Court. By Pierre Gilliard. (Hutchinson; 24s. net.)

The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling. By Percy Allen. (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net.)

OUR £100 COMPETITION.

The Editor has been working hard, considering the answers sent in, but, owing to the very large number of competitors, he has not yet been able to deliver judgment. The result will be printed next week, without fail.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE:
Famous Old Fleet Street Inn,
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SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON: "As Boswell has recorded, I told Ogilvie that 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him' out of Scotland! You, Johnnie Walker, have made it equally pleasant to the rest of the world."

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GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



THE weary have given themselves little rest of late, in spite of the stoppage of hunting through frost, for many of the Quorn and Belvoir fields went ball-dancing at Stamford on the Wednesday, to the Pytchley Ball on the Thursday, and were at the "Melton Embassy" on the Friday. The last-named was a most cheerful party, under the influence of a sprinkling of children and coloured balloons. Spirits were soaring with the thaw, and with some mysterious liquid which certain flagging dancers seem to need so greatly that, since it is not provided, it is brought as personal luggage!

However willing may be the spirit, mortal flesh begins to weaken at the end of the third successive night's dancing. The Pytchley Ball was a gruelling evening, and with no prospect of hunting next day, was kept up till somewhere near six o'clock. How many miles does one dance during a period of seven or eight hours?

Optimists of the Belvoir. Quite a crowd of optimists went on to the Belvoir meet at Saxby on the Wednesday, for if it's at all possible to hunt, Major Bouch is a certain starter. However, it was quite out of the question, the going being as good on the road as in a field, and the company dispersed for back exercise, to impromptu lunch parties, bridge, squash racquets or horse-coping.

The thaw began on the Friday night, and a fairly large field were out with the Belvoir on the Saturday, when they met at Landyke Lane. The going was pretty slippery, but scent seemed good, and there was a nice hunt in the morning from Clawson Thorns; over a good line in the Vale to Harby Hills. Clawson Thorns provided a second hunt, and later in the day there was a steeplechase from Melton Spinneys to Wyfordby Mill.

Some of the Field. Miss Prothero arrived with Baron de Collaert. Owing to the meet being so close to Melton, they hacked over. Earl Beatty came over from Brooksby with Miss Marshall Field. Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison were out for the first time since Christmas, which they spent with their children in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Harrison had a bad fall later on, which resulted in a broken collar-bone, and there were several empty saddles to be seen during the day. Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill rode off with Mr. Loewenstein, who has a house at Thorpe Satchville; and Mrs. Crawford was another out from the same village. She has now practically recovered from the injury to her knee.

Miss "Pinkie" Fenwick, of Little Belvoir, who had such a bad fall the other day, has had to go up to town for treatment. She chipped a small bone in her shoulder, and has been quite bad. Others out were Lady Irene Curzon, beautifully mounted as usual; Miss Peggy Brocklehurst and her mother; Mr. Abel Smith, with his small son; and Mr. Coleman.

The Water Famine. The water famine is really serious in the Belvoir country, and guests at the Castle have had to depart, as there is hardly enough to go round! Water actually has to be carried long distances for horses and cattle. Other news—of a more cheerful

kind—is provided by the fact that the Melton Operatic Society are giving "The Gondoliers" at the Corn Exchange early in March. Last year "Patience" was performed, most professionally.

The Burns Hartopp Basset Hounds.

Miss Lettice Burns Hartopp and her sister, of Little Dalby Hall, run a pack of basset-hounds. They show good sport, and meet on Thursdays as a rule. There is often quite a good field, as it is a good way of schooling a horse, and getting fit again after a toss, to go out with the basset-hounds.

Quorn Casualties.

The other Monday the Quorn met at Six Hills, and a big field was out. Finding at Ragdale Wood, they ran for an hour, checking frequently, the fox going to ground short of Ellas Gorse. There were a lot of falls, but no serious damage done.



A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN WHO HUNTS WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADÉ): CAPTAIN E. W. PATTERSON.

Captain E. W. Patterson, of Ashton Keynes, Cricklade, is a well-known follower of the V.W.H., and rides as an amateur, both on the flat and "over the sticks." Last year he was second on Warring Pin in the race for Lady Dudley's cup—not first, by the way, as stated in our issue of Dec. 28. The cup was won by Mr. Peter Dewhurst on his father's Conjuror II.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

There is a long casualty list. General Vaughan has a wing up after a fall last week. Mrs. Mynors has retired with a broken rib and general mangling, as her horse rolled over her; Mr. Cox is in the same state, and has not been out since his fall three weeks ago, and Mr. Harry Cotterell was knocked out larking on Sunday.

From "Beaufortshire." It's always interesting to hear how the ladies go, and "Beaufortshire" boasts excellent horsewomen. Lady Diana Somerset goes very well, and rides good horses. Mrs. Giffard is a perfect horsewoman, and goes so bravely on any sort of horse, which very few women could do, for the majority of those who make a good show on "free" horses would be utterly disconcerted if put on green, sticky, or hot ones. Mrs. Giffard

is a niece of Sybil Lady Rhondda, and a cousin of Lord Haig; her small daughter Robina, aged about nine, is quite a feature of the hunt, and goes marvellously on wonderful ponies, taking on the fences as they come, and always turning up at the finish of the longest, stiffest course. Miss Dolly Miles still holds her own amongst the new-comers; Mrs. Sidney Hankey takes her own line with the utmost resolution, and rides fine, weight-carrying horses; Miss Wilson (from Norton), Miss Phillips, Miss Orr-Ewing, and Miss Luce are generally there or thereabouts. Lady Cowley enjoys a ride, but likes a horse that knows his business. Mrs. Carrington knocks along valiantly, as she always did when Miss Herbert-Smith.

The Hunting Parson.

Some people say that the hunting parson is as extinct as the Dodo, but we in "Beaufortshire" beg leave to differ! We boast three hard-riding parsons, whom (bless them!) we are game to back against any that can be produced elsewhere. Parson Timins, of Westonbirt, is not perhaps quite as hard a nut over a country as he was in the days when he distinguished himself down Kent way in so many point-to-points, but he can still put up a pretty useful show when hounds run, and he mounts two daughters as well, the whole family hunting most regularly. As for the Rev. Jack Gibbs, the Vicar of Badminton, neither bar nor bolt will hold him; he hunts six days a week, and is prone to little Sunday lunch parties—after church, of course, with an afternoon at the kennels in prospect! He goes the living best, and he did splendidly in the war when attached to the 10th Hussars.

Now the advent (a suitably ecclesiastical-sounding announcement) of a third "cut 'em down parson" is at hand, in the person of the Rev. Charles Holmes, who goes like smoke with the Belvoir, they say, and has been presented to the living of Didmarton by the Duke of Beaufort. Extinct? Far from it, thank you!

Blackmore Vale Notes.

A big crowd met hounds at Shanks House the other Saturday, amongst whom were a good many strangers down for the Gillingham Ball (held the previous night at Shanks by the kind permission of Sir Arthur and Lady Sutton), which was a huge success.

Hounds ran extraordinarily well from Cucklington, but, unluckily, in the wrong direction to please most people, as they made straight for Stourton Woods, where a large portion of the field shortly found itself hopelessly lost in so dense a fog that to all but a few knowing ones, all sense of direction was lost. Whether some of the strangers are there still I know not, but it was a very reduced field that accompanied hounds back to their second draw!

The Sherborne Castle Dance.

Another social event of last week was the vast children's fancy dress dance and cotillon given by Mrs. Wingfield-Digby and Mrs. Fisher-Rowe, at Sherborne Castle, a wonderful spectacle, for which the beautiful old oak panelling of the Castle made a most effective background.

The dresses were far too many and too striking to be commented on individually,

[Continued on page viii.]

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



Through a Glass Lightly.

"ALL men are liars." Anyway, the fellow who first said that was one.

January's ailment—January Sale.

Order! Mr. and Mrs. Wearr Hitt had been invited to a public dinner. The invitation included that polite little injunction, "Honours will be worn (in miniature)." So Mr. Igham Hitt pinned his Victory ribbon to his new dress coat and they went. The function was *some* function. Men and women were presented to the "big cheese" of the affair, all decorated with innumerable medals and stars and orders. The picture of this galaxy

over one quidlet that returneth more than ninety and nine pence, which need no returning."

Definition of fed-up—moral indigestion.

I know it was a bit late, but I hadn't seen the fellow since the beginning of last year, so, meeting him a few days ago, when he looked as if he hadn't quite got over last night's party, I hailed him with: "Hello, old chap; Happy New Year!" He plugged his hand to his head and wearily muttered: "Good lord! Has it begun—another one?" He must have been to a *real* party.

High Finance. Despite many distressful letters from his bank manager, a hard-up author continued to overdo his overdraft. He had been threatened and adjured, but still he overdrew—

was more than ever proud of his appearance. He met a friend in the Temple; but the friend (acquaintance) appeared not to know him. Our barrister chap was not the kind to pass anyone he knew without an inane chat. So he stopped the other and, in a pompous way, shouted the "time of day," as it were. "Suppose you didn't know me with my moustache off, eh?" The other confessed he did not. "Don't you think it's an improvement without it?" he asked. The other, in a hurry, gave him an overlook, and, after a little hesitation, declared: "Well, now I come to think of it, I don't know whether you ought to be on the Bench or in the Dock."

That Sticky Night.

A young fellow, trying to be bright and breezy on the morning after a celebration the night before, cheerily blazed his way into the club and asked the hall porter



THE CHILDREN OF PROMINENT OFFICERS IN THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND: AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE R.A.S.C. THEATRE, ALDERSHOT.

Mrs. J. L. Jesse, Mrs. C. R. Annesley, Mrs. H. N. Foster, and Mrs. W. N. White were the hostesses at the Children's Fancy Dress Ball held recently at the R.A.S.C. Theatre, Aldershot. Our group shows the young guests, who included the children of Major-Generals Hazelton, Bainbridge, Harman,

Moore; of Sir Henry and Lady Buckingham; of Colonels Jesse, Annesley, White, Foster, Dillon, Brooke, and many other prominent officers in the Aldershot Command and at the War Office. Many delightful dresses were worn, and the young dancers had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

of reputation rather annoyed Mrs. Hitt, because she saw how mean and insignificant her dear Igham looked among these important people. She said: "Igham, you must really get some more medals and things so that you look as if you *belong*." Just then, there walked into the reception hall a magnificent person covered with medals, orders, stars, and companionships. Mrs. Hitt darted at the much-decorated personage and, clinging to his sleeve, called to her lonely Victory husband, who was standing backwardly by: "Igham, quick! here's your chance. This is the man who sells 'em."

What philosophy "there is to my indulgence" is a philosophy built upon simple things. Thus it was that, after turning out an old suit, during which procedure I discovered a long-lost Bradbury, a new philosophy expressed itself pervertedly to me in these words: "Joy shall be in home

like the good artist that he was. Then, on a cheque for 6s. 6d. being passed, the manager wrote personally and, having explained that this kind of thing must not occur until, etc., wound up with this: "At least, let us come to a plain understanding. What I want to be made clear is: are you banking with us, or are we banking with you?"

When a woman loves secretly, you may depend upon it that that is an occasion when she keeps her secret lovingly.

The Bar Sinister.

A barrister sort of chap who had been called but not exactly chosen used to pride himself upon his extremely bushy moustache. Apart from his moustache, there was nothing about him that was distinctive. He was fat, loud-voiced, and arrogant. He was, in truth, more barish than barristerial. Then he shaved off his moustache. And he

if his brother had been in. The hall porter was explaining that the brother had been in while the cheery one agitated to get out into the fresh air again. Then the porter added: "And, Sir, your brother asked me to tell you that he had taken your stick which he found lying in the hall." The cheery one, wondering what he had done with his stick the previous night, cheerily acclaimed: "Ah yes! I missed it, last night." The hall porter, very wise in his age, smirked and vouchsafed: "He only took it ten minutes ago."

Which has set the cheery one thinking again.

It's a wise wife that owns her own husband.

Whatever the something-ologists say, there are but two kinds of women in the world: the women who trust you and the women you dare not trust. SPFX.



*Miss Margaret
Bannerman*

*Selects her
Spring Hats —*

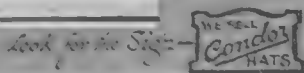
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Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



IF we are going to have this sudden General Election within a month or so, as appears to be threatened at the time of writing, it is up to the various motoring bodies to get on to the ball quickly, and to try to unite in some sort of policy with a punch in it—and here it is that unity is essential. If motoring gets let down badly once more, we shall probably have to kick our heels and ourselves for some years to

Prix du Tourisme, which makes fuel-consumption its big feature, though neither has actually filled at ordinary entrance fees. However, the former, to be run at H.Q. Pâté, Strasbourg, has secured eighteen entrants, and the latter, to be run the next day over the same course, sixteen; and with such a showing they are both pretty certain of some double-fee entries, especially, if I be not mistaken, from America, which so far is represented nowhere.

The entries in a nutshell are three Rolland - Pilains, three Sunbeams, two Delages, two Aston - Martins, one Pilain, three Fiats, three Bugattis, and one Mathis, for the former; and for the latter, three Voisins, three Delages, one "A.M.," three Bignaus, one Pilain, three Peugeotts, and a brace of Bugattis—all French. Surely one or two English, Italian, and Yankee competitors are at least likely? The only pity is that the French A.C. has somewhat arbitrarily

Hillman, and one Alvis—a list which I shall be very disappointed not to see considerably increased within the next three months, as there ought to be several other firms only too eager to enter. However, motor manufacturers at home and abroad are as coy as Victorian misses in this particular matter, though as bouncing as the post-war flapper in most other respects.

Scottish Light Car Trial.

Another event to be held this year in this country, which is sure to be much discussed at the Glasgow Show (January 27 to February 4), is the Scottish Light Car Trial, which has been fixed for Whit Monday (June 5), and the five following days to the 10th. Entries close upon April 5, and should be sent along to the Secretary of the Scottish Automobile Club. Only four-cylinder cars, either exceeding 760 c.c. or not exceeding 1600 c.c., are eligible; but not more than two of the same type and power will be accepted. Every car must be in every respect standard in all details of construction, fittings, and finish, as specified in the manufacturer's catalogue of April 26, 1922, with the stated price the retail price, including tyres; and no non-skid devices may be carried unless throughout the competition. The course will be approximately a thousand miles, with hill-climbs and tests for brakes, acceleration, stopping and starting; and after the opening day two minutes will be allowed for starting, thirty for lubrication and replenishment, and five minutes for breakages, after which—penalties! Penalties will also obtain for all road stops according to duration, and the prizes will be gold and silver medals and certificates, together with a special trophy for fuel-consumption. The real reward, however, will, of course, be the advertisement and consequent boom in sales. The cars will be classed by price into five



A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" SCALES "MALVERN'S LONELY HEIGHT": THE CAR ON THE TOP OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE BEACON.

A Wolseley "Fifteen" was recently driven up the rough and precarious path to the top of the Worcestershire Beacon, where it was photographed with the "toposcope," marking the highest point of the Malvern Hills, as a background. The feat was a remarkable one, and the gallant Wolseley made the ascent without the slightest difficulty.

come, and to go on enduring both insult and injury, as for the last quarter of a century. What is wanted above all, and what we have never had in motor organisation, is efficient propaganda, which gets there and brings home to others not only the petty persecutions of motorists in general, but of this essential industry in particular. If ever politicians are sensible of influence from outside, it is at such a time when they can reap direct advantage, although God wot I do not set much store by any of their promises once they be returned to £400-a-year and Parliament. Any political campaign, therefore, requires to be something pretty pungent and drastic, if it hope to be of the slightest value—gloves off and some good hard hitting. It is all together, now or never—and a strong lead must be given by the motoring bodies in unison. Other countries are coming round to more sensible and moderate views, and amongst others, Italy has this year announced a substantial lops in her auto-taxation—varying from fifteen to fifty-six per cent. Why not in this happy island of ours, where it is about the only form of taxation to show not a loss, but a really substantial surplus? If there be a General Election, and once more the motoring organisations miss-fire, I should not be surprised if they did not one and all feel the draught badly, and find themselves at a considerable discount.

Racing Entries.

In this new year of make-or-break, it is not unnatural that the faint-hearted have been hanging fire in the matter of racing entries, anxious to see what t'other fellow be doing before committing themselves or bounding into a race from which he be keeping shy. Therefore, I think that the French Automobile Club may really congratulate itself upon the entries for both the two-litre Grand Prix and the Grand

collared the date already booked by the Junior Car Club for its highly successful "1500 c.c." race at Brooklands. Would it not be worthy of Gallic courtesy to change the date gracefully of its own accord?

"T.T.s" to be Held.

It is the only event in which the Sunbeams are giving a miss in baulk; and the other English firm which means to have a big cut at things in the racing world this year is the Aston-Martin, owing, probably, to the reason that Count Zborowski has acquired a very large interest. The English events in the Isle of Man have not filled as satisfactorily as the French ones, I am sorry to say; but the R.A.C. has wisely come to the prompt decision to hold both events, even if they both be run off on the one day—a decision likely to draw other entries before the end of March at slightly increased fees. For the three-litre Tourist Trophy only nine entrants have paid up and looked pleasant—three each of Sunbeams, Vauxhalls, and Bentleys; while for the one-and-half litre, there are fifteen—three Sunbeams (as usual), three Aston-Martins, three British "Bugs" (made by the Crossley firm), three Talbot-Darracqs, one A.C., one



THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE COURTS OF JUSTICE AT ALLAHABAD: H.R.H. IN HIS TOURING CROSSLEY.

The Prince of Wales is using a Crossley touring car during his Indian travels. The motor shown in our photograph is one of a fleet of twelve Crossleys, which are the only official cars used during the entire tour.—[Photograph by C.N.]

groups: (1) not exceeding £250; (2) from £250 to £325; (3) £325 to £420; (4) £420 to £500, and (5) exceeding a "monkey." It should prove a highly valuable test from the public point of view, and be of real assistance to buyers.

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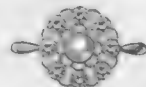
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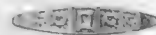
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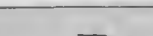
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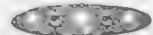
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Still Going On. The sales are still going gaily on; but absorption in bargains does not make a woman indifferent to the future, and a few new models have already arrived to indicate the way the fashionable wind will soon be blowing. Miss Elspeth Phelps, of 28, Albemarle Street, who has plenty of opportunities of judging, takes the view that definitely longer skirts are sure to be more or less generally adopted within the next few months. But, even so, the new "long" skirt will have a hem five or six inches off the ground, instead of fifteen or sixteen, so there is no need yet for the statistician to start figuring out the number of pounds of dust and dirt per year that women sweep up with their trailing hems.

Favourite Materials. And as to materials, if you do come across a nice length of marocain, crêpe with a nice rough, matte surface, or romaine, in the course of your sale peregrinations, buy it right away. Materials such as these are going to be much in evidence during the early spring, so that it's sheer wisdom to take every advantage of dressing on next to nothing that the sale season affords.

New Models. It was at 28, Albemarle Street that some new models gave interesting indications of the fashions that are to be. One noticed particularly the wide, bell-like finish to the sleeves visible, not only in a suit of fine navy serge, but also in a three-piece satin model—not the ordinary satin, by the way, but a rich, soft, thick material, that fell in delightful "fat" looking folds, suggestive of a richness and suppleness not always associated with the ordinary brand of this material. The loose, straight coat showed

down the hip contour, especially if it happens to be more pronounced than the mode of the moment requires.

Those Curly Locks. Ever since the lover in the fairy-tale lost his heart to "Curly Locks," and probably long before it, women with straight hair have envied those to whom nature had given curly or wavy tresses.



First gaze upon this picture and then on this, the counterfeit presentation of one and the same person, before and after a Eugène permanent-wave treatment.

And the worst of it was that the poor dears had to suffer in silence, or risk ruining their hair in an endeavour to make good nature's shortcomings. But all that was before Eugène, of 23, Grafton Street, W., had invented and perfected that system of permanent waving for which he is now famous all over the world. No matter how sadly straight your hair may be, after a visit to his salons you will face the world joyful in the possession of a delightfully waved head that won't go out of curl when washed or damped—and one, moreover, that no one except those in the secret will ever suspect of owing its delightful appearance to outside aid.

Go and See. If you have any doubts about the matter, go to 23, Grafton Street, between eleven and twelve or three and four any day of the week, and see the Eugène process demonstrated on the film. You can observe the effects on various kinds of hair, and it's interesting to know that white hair is not turned yellow, as sometimes happens in other waving processes. The natural tendency for hair to grow will, of course, take the waved part away from the head in course of time. But this does not matter, for Eugène has invented a process by which the new and straight hair only can be waved. Moreover, he and his helpers—artists all—study the natural growth of the hair before waving it, thus getting the waves in a position to suit the individual. The sketches on this page illustrate vividly the difference between a head of hair before and after the Eugène treatment; and any woman can go and test for herself whether or not it is an accurate representation of facts.

Welcome News.

Women have often heard of the fall in prices that was going to help to make dressing a very much pleasanter and easier

business than it has been for some years. The woman who goes to H. J. Nicoll, Ltd., 114-120, Regent Street, W., will experience a succession of delightful surprises. There are the two tailor-made coat frocks sketched to-day, for example. One is in fine navy suiting serge, and the straight lines of mat-work embroidery in ciré and gold thread help to emphasise the long "line" so much in favour at the moment. Jet beads are introduced down the sides of the skirt; and the corsage, that opens over a vest of white georgette, has a collar that can be worn upright and round the throat, or thrown open, just as the wearer pleases. During the sale, which lasts throughout January, it costs twelve guineas.

Overlapping Panels.

The second model, in fine navy tricotine, has a skirt showing a series of overlapping panels bound with braid imposed on a black-satin foundation, and for eight guineas is as becoming a frock as anyone could wish to own; and for five guineas anyone can become the owner of a coat dress in suiting serge in various colours. These particular frocks are plain except for a horizontally tucked strip of the material inset from shoulder to hem at both sides down the back and in front, and polished steel buttons appear at the throat. A point that will appeal to every woman is that, during the sale only, the models described can be made to special measurements for a sum representing in each case half-a-guinea more than the figures quoted above.

About Suits. Apart from the tailor-made coat dresses, that are a great specialty at H. J. Nicoll's, there are ready-to-wear tweed coats and skirts from



Tailored smartness in navy tricotine and black braid at H. J. Nicoll's.

the long hip waist-line, accentuated by a wide band of the serge trimmed with grouped rows of narrow black ciré braid. This band showed flaps falling below the hem-level of the coat at each side—a nice way of toning



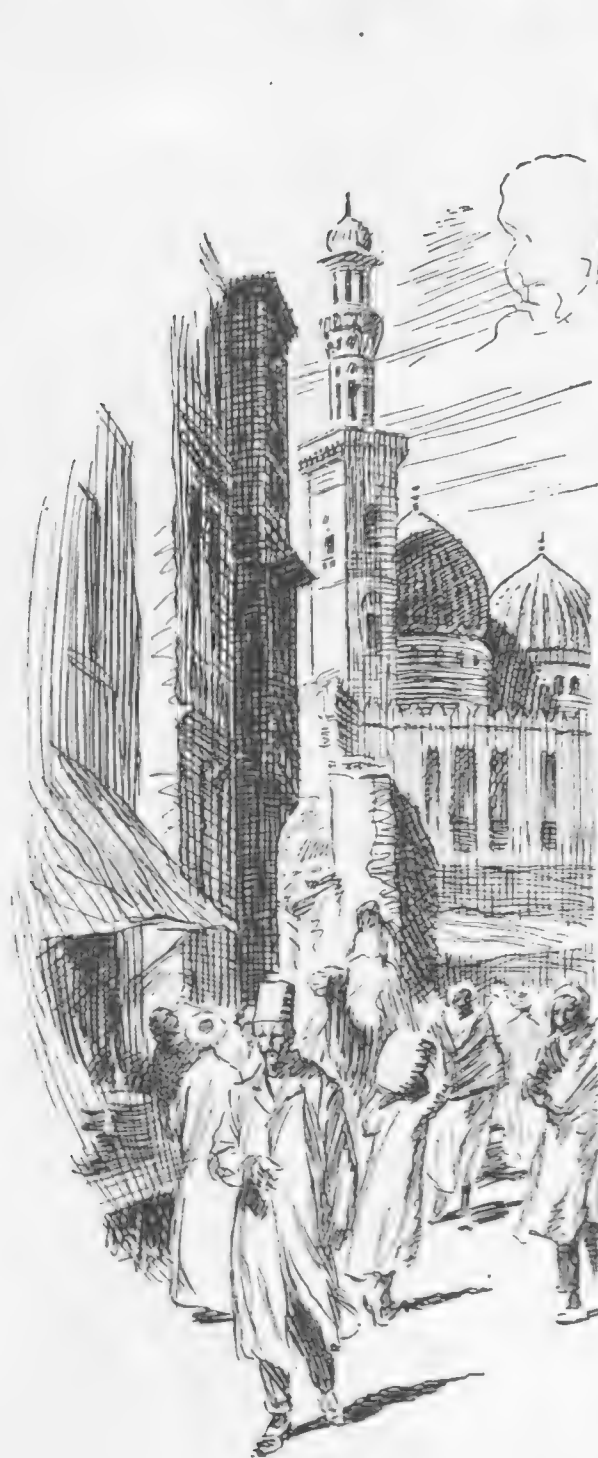
Mat-work embroidery in ciré and gold thread, and jet beads are used by H. J. Nicoll to decorate a tailor-made coat frock in navy suiting serge.

four guineas, in tweeds and cheviots. For instance, there is a becoming rust-coloured tweed model, with a plain, well-tailored

[Continued overleaf.]

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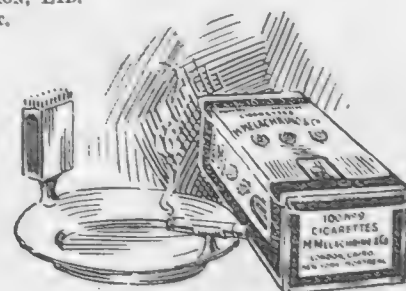
Even among widely travelled men and women one hears much talk as to the relative merits of Turkish and Egyptian tobacco. This is simply misapprehension, because *all Egyptian brands of cigarettes are made from Turkish tobacco*, of which there are many grades.

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(Continued)

skirt, and a belted coat generously endowed with four pockets. For those who prefer them there are beltless coats; and a very large number of model coats and skirts, more elaborate in character, are priced at ten to eighteen guineas, regardless of the fact that their original price varied from thirty to forty guineas. There are, of course,



Spring hats have appeared already. This one, in fine felt, comes from Woodrow.

wrap coats of all kinds; and can you think of any other firm that will supply a coat of tan-coloured leather lined with tweed for fifteen guineas?

Lighter Hats. January may alternate between cold, fog, and general dampness, but these weather changes don't affect the fashions, that are managed strictly according to calendar. So it's not surprising—particularly bearing in mind the fact that many women have postponed their trip South until the beginning of February—to find attractive spring felt, and even fine straw hats already on view at Woodrow's. Hats for sports and country wear have always been a distinguishing feature at 46, Piccadilly, and Boroughs sketches three delightful examples on this page.

Some Particulars.

There is that sailor-shaped model in Woodrow's unspottable light-weight fur felt, with a steel wire to prevent the edge getting out of shape, and a simple ribbon band by way of trimming. Alternatively, there is the model with the plumage mount at the side, or the bell-crowned affair—all unspottable, remember, and available in white, champagne, grey, kingfisher blue and becoming amber.

Light-Weight Manilla.

The straw hats that have made their appearance are, of course, intended particularly for those going to the South of France, India, or other places in the sun. The straw is light-weight Manilla, either quite plain or slightly patterned. These latter have the under-brim lined with printed crêpe-de-Chine, with a folded band of the same material round the crown. The plain straw models in large or medium size have brims slightly turned up at the back and down in front. They are lined with black chiffon velvet, and have a band and bow of it round the crown. The price is 30s.; and lined though they are, they are quite extraordinarily light in weight—a very great point in their favour, and one that tennis-players and sports enthusiasts generally will appreciate very highly.

Good Gloves.

Women who had so often of late years to endure bad gloves with the best grace they could, and whose timid remonstrances were promptly

squashed with "It's due to the war, Modom," have lively and grateful recollections of the merits of Penberthy gloves during that trying period; and now an additional bit of good luck has come their way, for the winter sale at Penberthy's, Ltd., is now in progress at 388, 390, 392, Oxford Street; and not only gloves, but jumpers, sports coats, underwear of all kinds, as well as hosiery and furs, are violently—no other word expresses it—reduced in price.

Typical Examples.

Regular stocks have been drastically dealt with as regards price for sale purposes; and as an exhaustive sale catalogue is published, the customer from distant parts of the country can rely on postal orders being promptly dealt with by an experienced staff, upon whose judgment in the choice of goods they can rely with complete confidence. It is impossible to do more than briefly indicate the bargains to be met with. Amongst them are a hundred dozen fine artificial silk stockings, strengthened with double-thread suspender tops, at 3s. a pair; heavy plated artificial silk hose at 5s. 3d. a pair are worth more than passing notice; and it is long indeed since pure silk stockings have been available at 7s. 11d. a pair, whether in black, white, putty, nigger, or various evening shades. Mercerised lisle-thread stockings at 2s. 6½d. a pair take one back to pre-war days with a bound;



There's nothing quite so becoming as a plain sailor-shaped hat. This one, of champagne-coloured felt, is one of Woodrow's creations.

and so, for that matter, do narrow-ribbed cashmere ones at 2s. 11½d. a pair.

About Gloves.

Women, especially those about to go abroad, will be particularly thrilled to hear of washing gloves in finest Arabian Mocha skins, costing no more than 15s. 11d. a pair for twelve-button length; and the same length of glove in white glacé costs but 7s. 6d. Short gloves are equally generously reduced. Is there anyone who won't agree that 6s. 3d. is a marvellously small sum to pay for gloves in best French washing castor? One might go on indefinitely quoting examples, but enough has been said to convince any far-seeing reader of the wisdom and advantages of a personal visit of inspection.

The Importance of Good Work.

Lots of women profess a desire to "do something," but it often happens that a very little experience of hard work causes their enthusiasm to evaporate. It is not for such people that Sisservenes Farm, Welwyn, Herts., is run by Miss Harrison Bell. At Sisservenes, the whole art of poultry keeping and management is thoroughly taught, but the Principal has no use for

dilettanti. Satisfactory students get a certificate for six months' training, and Miss Harrison Bell will always help those who desire it to procure a post, provided she is satisfied as to their capabilities and real desire for work.

An All-British Affair.

Americans have for a long time claimed to be the pioneers in all appliances invented to lighten the burdens of the housewife. But they are not the only people in the field, and no doubt every British housewife will be glad to know of the existence of that British electric domestic appliance known as the Electric Suction Cleaner, that, besides being light, is easy to manipulate, is thoroughly reliable, and costs less than a penny an hour to run. Besides, the B.E.D.A. is fitted with a special adaptor.

Some Facts.

Here are one or two further facts about this cleaner; it is sound, and, most important, absolutely "fool-proof." The worker presses the knob, and the machine deals with the dirt—and that's a very satisfactory arrangement, too. It's easy to work, and as the moving part runs in ball bearings, an enormous amount of trouble is saved, for it only requires lubricating once every year. But the fact that it is British-made all through ought to appeal more than any other fact, more especially as those who make it are ex-Service men specially trained for the purpose.

A Sale of Waterproofs.

Burberry's sale is a wonderful opportunity. In the first place, it lasts throughout January and February, and the goods included cover an exhaustive range of 1921 models, and a splendid assortment of waterproof overcoats, suits and frocks, made from short lengths and surplus pieces of the famous Burberry gabardine, tweed, and other distinctive cloths. Another wonderful series of bargains is made possible by the fact that a quantity of suit and overcoat cloths will be made up and fitted to order at special sale prices, so that even the most economical buyer will be able to afford a Burberry-made suit or coat. Patterns will be forwarded on application, but as this special stock is limited, the wise buyer will make an early, personal call. Men are not left out of sale advantages either, for pyjamas, shirts, dressing-gowns, socks, ties, and underwear, as well as some odd pieces of flannels and shirtings which can be bought by the yard or made up at a fixed price, are obtainable at a very great



Another example of a Woodrow spring hat for riding or shooting.

reduction. An illustrated sale catalogue, both for the men's and the women's departments, will be forwarded on application to Burberry's, Haymarket, London, S.W.1



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DAYS of sleet and rain; days of warm, muggy weather alternating with periods of icy winds and bitter cold—these are the days which sap the strength and lower the vitality.

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Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy, muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound, natural sleep. **Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!**

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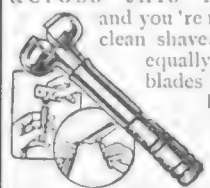
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In Tins at 3½d. 7d. 1/2 & 2/6

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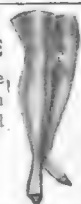
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AFTERNOON TEA SET
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Could anything be more compact?

The diminutive Decca is the most ingeniously designed gramophone made. There's no waste space anywhere, and every part is of the minimum size yet of unerring efficiency. The patent "Dulciflex" (the bowl-shaped Deflector) serves a double purpose; it deflects and amplifies the sound, and it comfortably houses every Decca component (except the driving mechanism). The gramophone is ready to play immediately opened.

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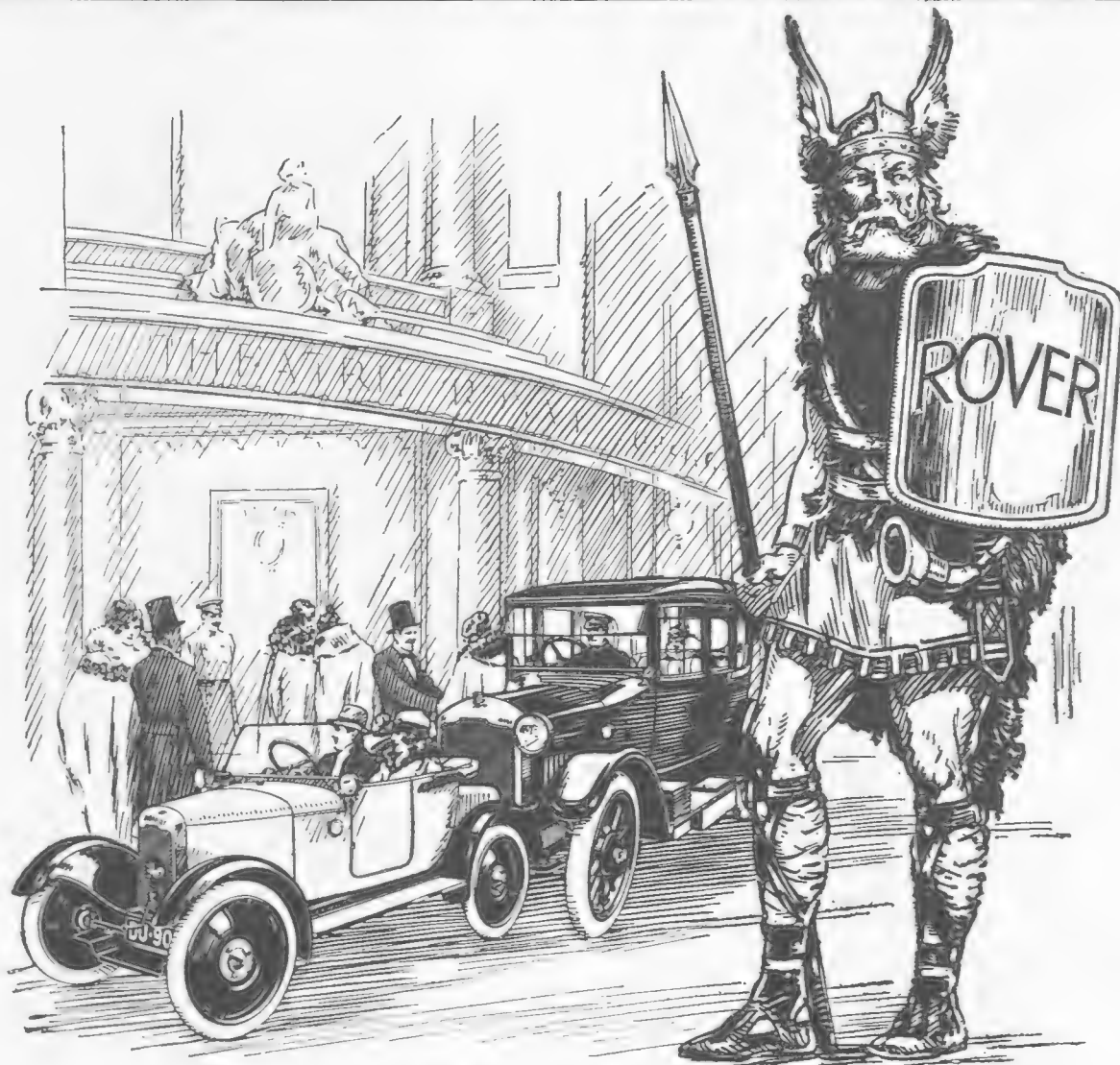
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EASILY, smoothly, the ROVER slips through teeming traffic, past rattling 'bus and prowling taxi, on to the land where comedy, tragedy, or merry frolic call to the world to pass the fleeting hour. Later, the ROVER waits, ready for the next stage in the evening's enjoyment, or the run home through streets lamp-lit and silent, but for the purring of the ROVER engine. Thus, as on all occasions, the ROVER is ready to serve, to add to comfort and to pleasure, to eliminate all worry as to "getting there" and "getting back." Accept the service that the ROVER offers. You will find it dependable under all conditions.

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12 h.p. CHASSIS £495, 12 h.p. TWO-SEATER £625, 12 h.p. FOUR-SEATER £650, 12 h.p. LIMOUSINE COUPÉ £750, 12 h.p. DROPHEAD COUPÉ £800, 12 h.p. SALOON £900, 8 h.p. TWO-SEATER £220.

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THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD., METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY.
59A, New Oxford Street, London, and Lord Edward Street, Dublin.



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

(Continued from page 112.)

but I think certainly the most impressive was that of the Arab Sheik, worn by Major Wingfield-Digby—a genuine get-up, procured by him, I believe, with great difficulty whilst on active service in Egypt.

With the
V.W.H.
(Cricklade).

The Christmas holiday contingent have been a great feature of the recent meets. Miss Patricia Le Warne, Master Harry Heigham, Sir Gerald Fuller, an Uppingham boy and the Master's nephew; Master Robin Fell, who is at Radley; and Master Sutton, an Etonian, are among the young followers. It is wonderful how the children's ponies get over the obstacles.

The lack of hunting of late has been made up for by the number of balls. The Exeters gave a nice little dance for their girl Winifred, the night before the Stamford Ball, of which Lady Exeter is, of course, always patroness. She had the Althorps staying, and amongst those who came to the ball in the various house parties were Audrey James and Audley Baird, both staying at Laxton. What a duck of a nose the former has got! Someone once said of the family into which she is marrying, "Well, if the Coatses can't dance reels, I don't know who can!"

The charming drawing by Mr. T. Percival Anderson, published in *The Sketch* of Jan. 11, was a portrait of Lady Helen Brocklehurst, wife of Captain Henry Courtney Brocklehurst, not of Lady Brocklehurst, the wife of Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Bt., as stated. Lady Helen is the daughter of the 6th Earl of Airlie, and married Captain H. C. Brocklehurst in 1918. She is the sister-in-law of Lady Brocklehurst. Naturally, we very much regret that an error in description should have been made.

CITY NOTES.

BANKING METHODS.

IT is not at all uncommon to hear complaints from merchants and others at what they consider the ultra-conservative and old-fashioned methods of English banking. Perhaps we are not altogether blameless ourselves, but the events of the last twelve or eighteen months emphasise pretty clearly the advantages of the complete separation of the banks over here from the speculative interests with which they are so commonly connected in other countries.

Heavy losses have inevitably been sustained by all the joint stock banks, but their risks are so spread that there can be no possible question of their ability to fulfil their obligations. The only difficulty which has occurred was the failure of Farrow's, which, from the City's point of view, was of no importance.

The failure of the Banca di Sconto in Italy is a typical example of the disadvantage of what may be called the Continental method. This bank was for all practical purposes the Ansaldo Engineering Company, and the profits and assets of its banking business were not large enough to support the former through the depression. It is not so very long ago that there was trouble in Spain; while the recent failure of a French bank in the East very nearly brought about the downfall of the Ministry in Paris.

Nor has trouble been confined to this side of the Atlantic. In Canada, the Bank of Montreal have recently had to take over another concern which found itself with insufficient liquid assets; and from Chicago a very similar affair is reported.

The conservatism and independence of our banks have assuredly contributed much towards making, and keeping, London the

financial centre of the world, and we hope that it will be a very long time before we see any alteration.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Funny place, the Stock Exchange."

"Tisn't meant to be," retorted The Jobber, innocently plagiarising. "And what's more, it isn't always funny, so the boot, my boy, is on the other hand."

"Laborious impromptu bore me to excess," protested The City Editor pompously, and The Jobber caught him up quickly:

"Just because you've got a new pianola, the Carriage isn't big enough to hold your latest size in hats," he cried. "Why don't you give up your first-class season ticket and go to town in the Thirds, like a nob?"

"Peace, *mes enfants*," interposed The Broker. "This conduct is unseemly on the part of such grave and reverend City Fathers."

"City grandmothers!" snorted his irate fellow-member of the House. "He's getting as inflated as a Dunlop magnan, and I've no—"

"Neither has anybody else, if it's money you mean"—and The Engineer laughed at the juvenile jest. "Yet the prices of investment stocks show a marvellous tendency to rise."

"I hear that the January promotions will run into fifty millions of money," said The Banker. "In truth, it is remarkable where all the money comes from to absorb the stocks."

"Who can solve the riddle, if it be not you?" The Broker asked in blank verse.

"We know, of course, that money is being removed from deposit accounts and invested into gilt-edged stocks," was the reply. "The trend to-day is for capital to seek the longer-dated securities, and for investment to be directed into such loans, for instance, as the Conversion 3½ per cent. Stock."

(Continued overleaf.)

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO.

BUSINESS IMPROVING—STRONG POSITION.

THE nineteenth annual general meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held at the offices of the company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.1., on Jan. 11, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt. (one of the deputy-chairmen) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: Taking the assets side of the balance-sheet first, you will observe that the item of real estate and buildings at cost, less provision for amortisation of leaseholds £550,950, shows a small increase of £8,964. We have made some further investments in land and buildings at Southampton and land at Bangkok, Mombasa and Lagos, against which we have disposed of certain property at Rochester, New York, leaving the net increased figure just mentioned.

Goodwill, trade marks and patents is reduced from £505,114 to £200,000. We have during the past year disposed of the goodwill of our business in Belgium and New Zealand, and have received in each case shares in payment therefor in subsidiary companies. Whilst we have only written off from the goodwill item the sum of £305,114 to bring it down to £200,000, yet the par value of the shares received represents a much larger sum.

Loans to and current accounts with associated companies, £5,547,886, show a very substantial decrease of £1,647,071.

Investments in associated companies show a very considerable increase from £11,356,132 to £15,340,582. This again is the largest item on the assets side and shows an increase this year of £3,984,450. We have made a number of investments during the past year by increasing our holdings in various subsidiary companies throughout the world, including the investment of nearly £1,000,000 in the Seven and a Half per Cent. bonds of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under now stands at £6,873,065, or a decrease of £148,120.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 preference shares remains the same, but the issue of ordinary shares is increased from 16,002,523 to 16,015,645, or an addition of 13,122 shares. This is partly due to issues to shareholders in respect of belated acceptances of the various issues of shares.

Special reserve has increased from £1,198,727 to £1,254,230, a difference of £55,503.

General reserve to provide against possible losses arising from the war still stands at £1,500,000. At our meeting last year the chairman then said we expected to receive shortly a sum of approximately £1,280,000 in respect of the amount due on loans and current accounts from Germany. We only received a small part of this amount, however, prior to September 30, but since then we have received a further sum on account, making a total of £1,246,565 up to date.

Last year we carried forward a balance of £3,076,868, out of which we paid a final dividend of 9 per cent. amounting to £1,440,405, which left us with a disposable balance of £1,636,462. During the year we have allotted to shareholders 2,263 ordinary shares of £1 each, and a sum of £2,263 is deducted from the balance, leaving £1,634,199. To this sum the net profits for the year, amounting to £4,323,481, should be added, less the preference dividend of £225,000 and the four interim dividends amounting to £2,561,227, which leaves a disposable balance of £3,171,454, out of which the directors recommend the distribution on the 18th January, inst., of a final dividend (free of British income tax) on the issued ordinary shares of 8 per cent., amounting to £1,281,266 leaving £1,890,187 to be carried forward. This final dividend of 8 per cent. will make 24 per cent. for the year upon the ordinary shares.

As no doubt you are aware, the final accounting period for excess profits duty purposes of your company terminated on September 30, 1920. The company will have a claim against the Government in respect of the relief afforded by the Finance Act, 1921.

The net profits for the past year show an increase of £1,229,000 over the average net profits for the preceding seven years 1914 to 1920, even including the record year of 1919-1920.

During the past year we have passed through a period of great difficulty and depression, more particularly in January, February, and March. Since that time conditions in our business have gradually improved and are still improving, and during the first three months of our current year this improvement has been maintained.

Now that the aftermath of the war, as far as we are concerned, is clearing up, I see no reason why the steady growth of our business should not continue.

I feel that we are in a very sound and promising financial position, as all our stocks of tobacco and materials have been written down to or below to-day's market value, our carry-forward is larger than last year, and, as I have said before, we have received since September 30 a very large proportion of our German claims, against which we set up and still have on our books the general reserve of £1,500,000.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the usual formal business transacted.

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FOR INVALIDS



Many a patient tires of home-made beef-tea, but Lemco is always appetising by reason of its rich goodness and delicate flavour. It contains essentially valuable constituents of prime lean beef—very highly concentrated and unseasoned.

A most strengthening and easily-digestible diet is $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of Lemco to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot milk. Lemco is excellent, too, for beef-jellies and other invalid dishes.

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Many cigars bring manufacturer and retailer more profit—none bring smokers more satisfaction.

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Obtainable from all high-class tobacconists, 118/- per 100 packed in boxes of 100, or 31/- per box of 25.

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Ciro Pearls

stand alone with a world-wide reputation as the most faithful reproductions of Oriental Pearls. **Ciro Pearls** copy nature—others attempt to copy **Ciro's**.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of **Ciro Pearls**, 16 in. long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other **Ciro Pearl Jewel** in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days, and we will refund your money. **Ciro Pearl** necklets may be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank.

Continued.]

"Which, by the way, is good for a five-point rise by steady degrees. Am I not right, Sir?"

The Banker confirmed the suggestion with a benign nod.

"Aha!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Now we can guess what some of your money's invested in."

The Banker said that the sagacious inference was perfectly correct, "And I don't mind telling you that I recently bought a few of my own bank's shares."

"Profits came down rather heavily last year."

"Well, everyone knows that the banks stumbled across bad debts in 1921," remarked The Merchant. "And they have to make provision for possible total losses. Luckily, there was no need for them to write off lumps of stuff against depreciation."

"I believe bank shares are good things to have," The Broker considered. "There's bound to be an improvement before long in that market."

"There's been a rise already," The City Editor pointed out. "Not so much as in the shares of the discount companies, but pretty noticeable all the same."

"The extraordinary thing is that all investments are strong, but speculative shares seem to be right out of the running. I can't understand it at all."

"We get spasms in this, that, or the other market occasionally," The Jobber observed. "Nothing to show where it's coming next Very flukey."

"None of the markets are carrying much superfluous stock," The Broker declared. "Consequence is that directly a few buyers happen along, the floating supply is mopped up in no time."

"Can't you tell us what shares the next

demand is likely to be for? You're in the Stock Exchange. Therefore you ought to know."

"How is it that you Stock Exchange chaps are worse than other people in reading the markets?"

"Worse, are we?" demanded The Jobber. "Are we worse, Brokie?"

His House friend replied that he feared "we are not much better than other folks."

"It's the look of the market at that particular moment which puts you off," he continued. "You feel sure that such-and-such a course is all right, but the House has only to look dull for an hour or two and you begin to get uneasy at once."

"To look dull, or bright," The Jobber amended. "If things are better, you hurry to buy back whatever you've sold, and then the papers talk about a rise being accelerated by bear-closing."

"Mighty lot the papers know about it," said The Broker.

"We print what we hear Stock Exchange men say," retorted The City Editor. "If they mislead us—"

The Merchant lay back in his seat and laughed.

"Don't the newspapers ever use their gifts of imagination?" he asked politely.

"If you don't happen to know the reason for a rise, it must be a great temptation to put it down to bear-closing."

"And any fall can be attributed to the market being 'subject to realisations.'"

Even The City Editor joined in the laugh this time. "I don't mind your pulling my leg when you're not too serious," he half-apologised. "It's only when—"

The Jobber cut him short. "Some of these Preferences which haven't had their dividends of late—"

"Yes," The Broker interpolated. "Just what I was going to say. Niger Preference, Crosse and Blackwell Preferences, and a few others of the same type—they'll come home by-and-by."

"These rises in Stores' shares are significant, to my mind," The Banker said. "A man was pointing out to me at dinner last night the advances that have occurred lately in Lyons—"

"You like the Trocadero?"

"It was not there"—and the old gentleman's eyes twinkled. "But other shares like Harrods, Whiteleys, Army and Navy, Liptons, D. H. Evans, Selfridge Preference—"

"Yes, they've all been on the up-grade. It looks as though trade were settling down on to more ordinary lines."

"Well, everybody has written down stocks to such an extent that, as a matter of fact, the capital accounts must be tolerably clean by now."

"And money's not so dear."

"My banker doesn't seem any too complacent," The Merchant quietly murmured.

"Change him, my boy."

"What's the use? We are in the grip of the Big Five."

The Banker leant forward and touched his hand.

"If we do appear to be a little inconsiderate at times," said he, "try to give us credit for an honest desire to act in such a manner as shall benefit the whole community, quite as much as ourselves."

"You take that sentiment to the bank," The Jobber suggested, "and ask the manager to let you have an overdraft of a thousand or two on the security of it. Only, stand near the open door; it may be safer!"

Friday, Jan. 13, 1922.

"Why is Your Hair so Lovely?"

How proud she is as she runs her fingers through her hair rippling loose in "waves of glory" and she remembers the envious question "Why is your hair so lovely?" And yet her secret can be yours:

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Your hair is healthy at the roots. Bring forth all its luxuriant beauty with the nourishment contained in Rowland's Macassar Oil. Let it feed your poor hair to strong vigorous growth. When shopping to-day get it at any chemist, stores, or hairdresser you pass - 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair.

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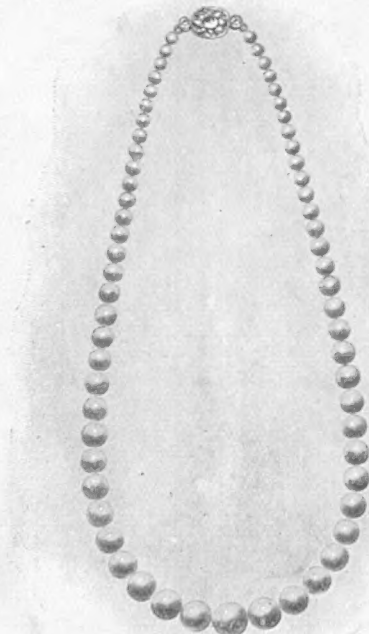
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Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case.

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PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

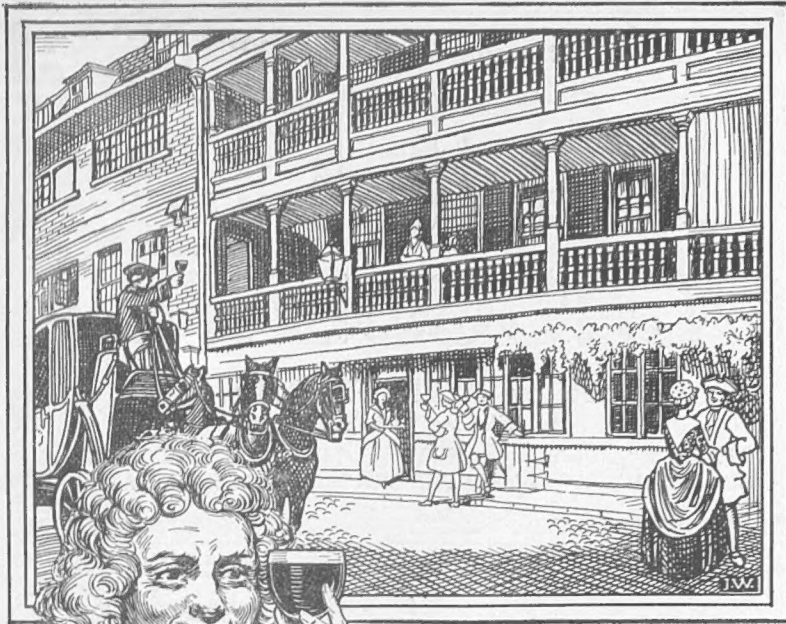
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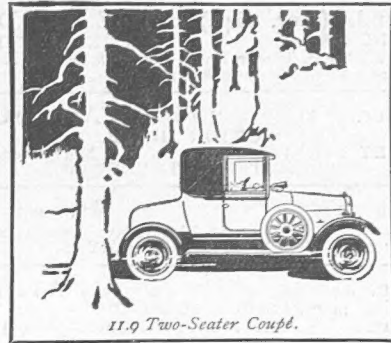
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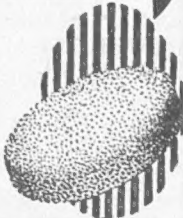


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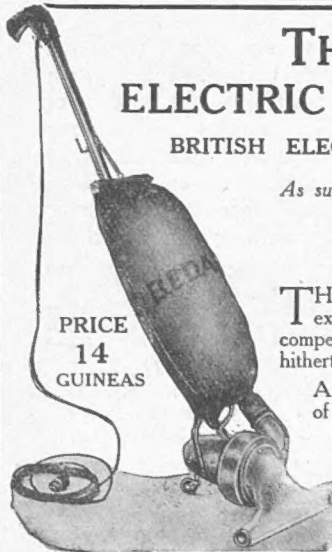
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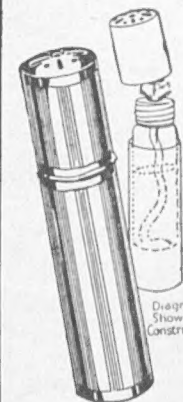
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